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TOPICS OF THE DAY

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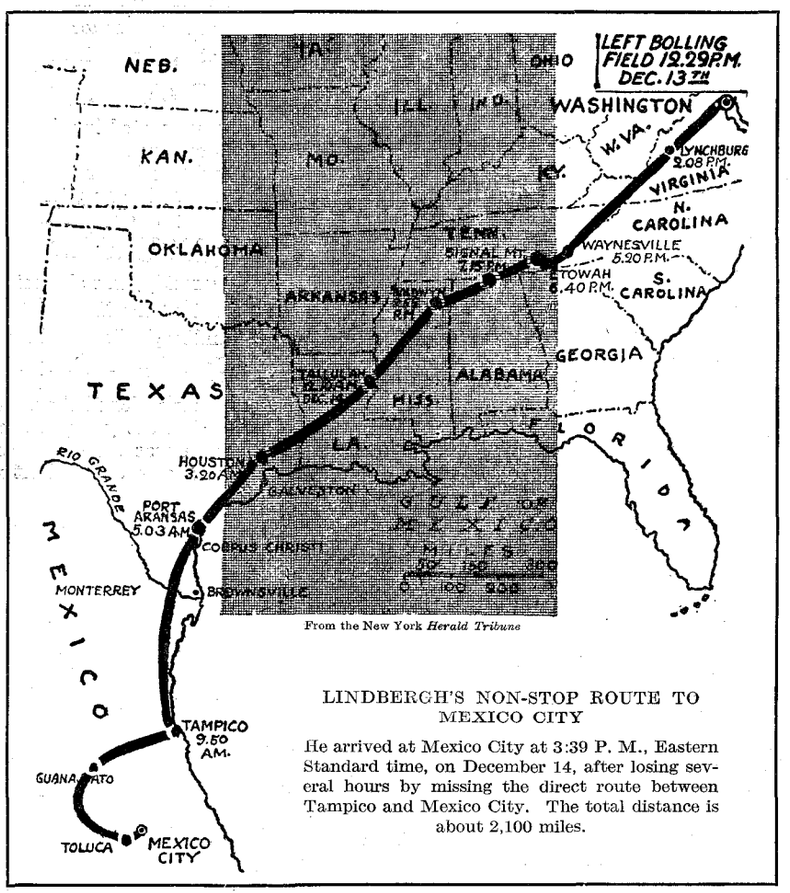
LINDBERGH'S "EMBASSY OF GOOD-WILL" TO MEXICO

"OVER THE BROWN MOUNTAINS which rim the valley of the ancient Aztecs dropt a broad-winged silver plane bearing Lindbergh," and a few moments later the grim-visaged President of the Mexican Republic was giving the young aviator a full "embrazo," a real two-arm hug, and saying, "You are at home in Mexico; I want you to feel that this is your country." The scene impresses the newspaper correspondents who told about it, for despite the fact that Lindbergh's twenty-seven-hour non-stop flight from Washington to Mexico City was a fitting climax of the greatest year in the history of aviation, press observers incline to emphasize more the importance of the flight in the history of Mexican - American relations. In the cockpit of the *Spirit of St. Louis* was carried one of the heaviest loads ever transported by an airplane, writes Robert Barry in the New York *Evening World;* "in that cockpit reposed one of the most serious international problems of recent years—the relations of the United States and Mexico." According to this press correspondent, Lindbergh had been told that if he undertook the flight he would do more than could be done in any other way "to aid Ambassador Morrow in lifting the diplomatic relations not only of the United States and Mexico from the mess into which they had fallen, but also of the whole of Latin America from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan." And that Lindbergh accomplished this was evident as soon as we read the papers the morning after his arrival in Mexico City. There was Lindbergh's own acknowledgment of the sincerity of the reception in Mexico City, and of his own pleasure in his stay there, which, he said, "I trust will make the American people realize that, after all, we have many things in common." In his formal statement, President Calles of Mexico said of the flight:

"I believe it is a heroic air feat and a priceless embassy of good-will sent to us by the United States which, in sending the highest representative of its manhood, will-power, and heroism, has brought about closer spiritual and material relations. I believe the effect has been positive and immediate."



From the New York *Herald Tribune*

LINDBERGH'S NON-STOP ROUTE TO MEXICO CITY

He arrived at Mexico City at 3:39 P. M., Eastern Standard time, on December 14, after losing several hours by missing the direct route between Tampico and Mexico City. The total distance is about 2,100 miles.

It was "roses, roses, all the way," for Lindbergh, from the moment of landing on the Valbuena aviation field till he reached the American Embassy after riding through the streets filled with shouting flower-scattering crowds. There was not the slightest doubt that he had won the hearts of the Mexican people—the first American, by the way, for whom Mexico had ever decreed a national holiday. And never in Mexico's history did so many American flags ever wave over Mexican sidewalks. So the press correspondents reported, while the newspaper *Excelsior* declared that the presence of Lindbergh inspires confidence and dispels mistrust and "will again conquer for the United States glory and love." *Excelsior* found it hard to say which would be dearest to the Mexican people, the fact that Mexico City will be marked on the map to point out to future generations airways opened by Lindbergh, or the hope that this expression of good-will may be the foundation for a bridge spanning Mexican-American difficulties. Will Rogers, another unofficial envoy in Mexico, said in one of his dispatches just after Lindbergh arrived: "Morrow and I have

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P. & A. photograph

LINDBERGH

International Newsreel

AMBASSADOR MORROW

White Studio

WILL ROGERS

THREE "AMBASSADORS OF GOOD-WILL" FROM THE UNITED STATES TO MEXICO

resigned as Ambassadors in Mexico. Now there is only one when he is in the country." And the same dispatch ended with the significant words: "These are real people down here, if we only knew them."

In our own country President Coolidge sent Colonel Lindbergh a congratulatory message, in which he said:

"I am confident that as the harbinger of good-will from the people of the United States to the people of Mexico you will materially assist the two countries to cement friendly relations, and I feel sure that the true spirit of your mission will be sympathetically understood by the United States and Mexico."

So the "Lindbergh smile breaks through the diplomatic clouds like dawn on the Pacific!" The exclamation comes from the Baltimore *Sun*, and is typical of the way in which American editors acclaim Lindbergh as our envoy of good-will. The flight is characterized by the New York *Telegram* as "an appeal from the best that is in America to the best that is in Mexico." From such a historic episode the New York *Times* feels sure that a better understanding between the two countries will come.

Nor is Lindbergh alone as a personal expression of American good-will toward Mexico at this Christmas season of 1927. "Talk about Ambassadors of good-will!" exclaims the Hartford *Times*, which finds Santa Claus himself rivaled by "the procession of good fellows we are sending into Mexico." "Ambassador Morrow is there duly accredited, billeted, and acclaimed. Ambassador Will Rogers is there, and the Mexicans are laughing so hard they can't shoot straight if they try." Then comes Ambassador Lindbergh "scattering proclamations of friendship all the way to Mexico City." Surely, concludes this New England daily, "this is a new era in diplomacy, and one of the most wholesome that ever dawned upon our Southern border."

Colonel Lindbergh's flight and the presence of Will Rogers in Mexico both seem to the Springfield *Union* to be carrying out "a new and happily determined policy of Ambassador Morrow in Mexico." In particular, the Lindbergh flight, says Robert Barry in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Evening World*, "is indicative of the personal triumph Mr. Morrow is scoring as Ambassador of the United States at a moment when relations with Mexico were drifting into a dangerous snarl." President Calles has been quoted as saying, "I consider Ambassador Morrow my personal friend," and after five weeks in Mexico the representative of the dreaded United States is said to find himself greeted at every railroad station with "Viva Ambassadoro" and "Viva Estados Unidos." According to this authority, who is backed up by other press correspondents, "the idea of taking Will Rogers on a personal tour with President Calles was partly the inspiration of Ambassador Morrow." The Mexico Executive had once met the humorist, and spoke admiringly of him to the Ambassador—

"Mr. Morrow suggested it might be a nice idea to have the lariat-humorist down to Mexico for a few days. The President thought that would be fine, but why go to all the trouble to arrange such a thing? No trouble at all, he was assured. The Ambassador would just dash off a telegram to 'Will,' and that would be all there was to it."

And that, apparently, was all there was to it. Anyway, Will Rogers made part of the Presidential party. "Washington is informed the Lindbergh flight to Mexico City originated in the same way." Continues the Barry dispatch:

"General Calles mentioned the aerial hero and commented on the great impression the youngster had made. He wanted to know if Lindbergh was all the newspapers had said he was. The Ambassador suggested the best way for General Calles to find out that would be to invite Lindbergh to drop down some afternoon from Washington."

So, the story goes, Ambassador Morrow found out about Lindbergh's plans, President Calles sent the latter an invitation to fly to Mexico, Lindbergh accepted, and when the day came that suited him, which happened to be December 13, Lindbergh started. He made the first non-stop flight between the two capitals, a distance of about 2,100 miles, in just over twenty-seven hours, starting at 12:29 P. M. Eastern standard time, and arriving at Mexico City the next day at 3:39 P. M. Eastern standard time, or 2:39 Mexican standard time.

In the opinion of the New York *World*, we all ought to be very glad that the history of our relations with Mexico has taken such a turn during the last year:

"It is just eleven months since Secretary Kellogg appeared before a committee of the Senate and charged that a Bolshevist government in Mexico threatened the peace of the United States. The Mexican government which was a Bolshevist threat in January is the same Mexican government with which a new Ambassador has succeeded in establishing unusually cordial relations. And all Mexico is cheering Lindbergh.

"The change which is recorded by these facts is much more than a surface change. The flight of Lindbergh follows a series of events which indicate a real shift in sentiment and a thoroughgoing change in policy. The appointment of an American Ambassador to Mexico capable of appreciating a Mexican point of view has been followed by a decision of the Mexican Supreme Court interpreting the disputed oil laws in a manner favorable to the United States. Now comes Lindbergh's errand of good-will and an amazing response in Mexico."

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A NEW GOVERNOR TACKLES THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

ANOTHER ADMIRABLE APPOINTMENT—comparable with that of Dwight W. Morrow as Ambassador to Mexico—is seen by W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, in the President's nomination of Henry L. Stimson to be Governor-General of the Philippines. In the opinion of this experienced political observer at the capital, "Mr. Coolidge has made no more important appointments than these, nor in making them has he risen to greater heights of constructive statesmanship." In the more recent instance, points out the New York *Evening World*, "he has chosen a man from civil life, and this, in itself, is commendable." Furthermore, notes the Boston *Herald*, it is no small triumph for an Administration to persuade a man of Mr. Stimson's qualifications to leave his home, business, and friends, and take up an administrative job in the Philippines.

The Stimson appointment is important, explains the Troy *Record*, because "the man sent to the Islands will have occasion to do much to alter the relationship of the Filipinos with the United States Government for better or for worse." In a Manila dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, we learn that the Stimson appointment is "received with great favor by American and Filipino politicians who are anxious to see the late General Wood's policies carried out, and at the same time to see the military atmosphere removed from the executive offices." That there will be no change under the new régime is predicted by Washington correspondents and editorial writers the country over. As the Washington *Post* puts it:

"Mr. Stimson's appointment sets at rest the fears that President Coolidge might have had in mind a radical change of policy in dealing with the Philippine government. Evidently there is not to be a change. General Wood's work is not to be destroyed, but is to be made the basis of further effort in promoting the welfare of the islanders."

According to a Brooklyn *Eagle* editorial:

"Governor-General Wood had the thankless task of taking away from the Filipinos certain responsibilities accorded by his predecessor, which they were not ready to assume. His administration was obliged to deal with the disastrous results of going too fast and too far. Governor-General Stimson must seek to reestablish good feeling while maintaining firm control. His proved character and ability, his fine record of public service, justifies the prediction that he will succeed.

"The successor to the late General Wood is not going to the Islands with any chip on his shoulder. It is safe to predict that he will make every effort to win the good-will and cooperation of the native authorities. He will make no false promises regarding independence. There has been too much of that in the past. Neither a 'khaki cabinet' nor smooth-tongued native leaders will find him responsive to the appeals of prejudice."

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"A SOLEMN TRUST"

"I have always regarded the Philippine problem," says Henry L. Stimson, following his recent appointment as Governor-General of the Islands, "in the light of a solemn trust undertaken by this country, and for its solution requiring on the part of both peoples sympathy, cooperation, and patience."

In his Washington correspondence to the New York *Evening Post*, Clinton W. Gilbert assures us that "the era of non-cooperation, which began in 1923 through a quarrel between General Wood and Filipino politicians," will come to an end with the inauguration of the Stimson régime. "Both sides are tired of the quarrel," says this well-informed writer, and Mr. Jermane agrees in a Washington dispatch to his paper:

"Governor-General Stimson will surely be able to end the deadlock that for four years has existed between General Wood's office and the Filipino legislature. Mr. Stimson has been in conference a number of times within recent weeks with Manuel L. Quezon and Sergio Osmena, leaders of the legislative minority at Manila, and it is known that a complete understanding has been reached between them."

Mr. Stimson, declares the New York *Herald Tribune*, "yielded only to a high sense of public duty when he consented to take up General Wood's task." Furthermore, the President could not have found a better man for "this exacting and important position," believes the New York daily, and we find many Republican and Democratic papers in full agreement. Filipino leaders in Washington are said by the Baltimore *Sun* correspondent to feel that Mr. Stimson, through his services as Secretary of War in the Taft Administration and by personal visits to the Islands, "is familiar with conditions under which the Filipinos are endeavoring to build up a republic of their own." To quote the Newark *News:*

"Mr. Stimson has made a study of Philippine conditions at first hand. He went to the Islands last year as special investigator for President Coolidge. His visit lasted only six weeks, but he went there with a background of information he had acquired earlier."

The new Governor-General "stands well the first test of fitness for this important post," remarks the New York *World*. "The office sought the man, and the American people should be grateful to him for assuming a task so onerous." In Washington dispatches to the New York *Herald Tribune*, we learn that—

"Mr. Stimson's career in the public service has been long and distinguished. Only last spring he accepted a special commission from President Coolidge to make an investigation of conditions in Nicaragua. Soon after his arrival the revolution ended, and Mr. Stimson is widely credited with having assisted in restoring peace.

"His appointment is especially agreeable to the War Department, for he served there during the Taft Administration as Secretary of War. This gave him wide experience in administrative work.

"When Mr. Stimson takes office in Manila he will have a number of difficult problems awaiting his action, among the most important of which will be resisting the tendency toward 'Filipinization' of the executive branch of the insular government. He will also have to deal with problems arising out of the so-called Board of Control, which, during the Wilson Administration, was created to control certain industries. There will be many problems of public health, agriculture, and economics."

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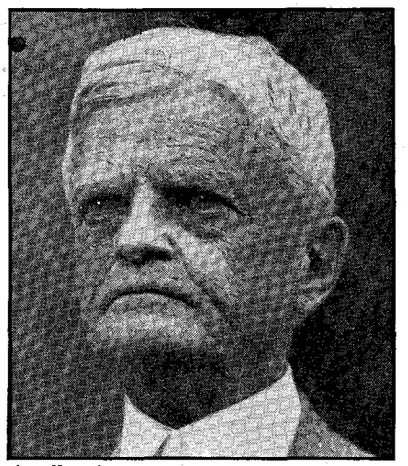
Keystone View photographs

GOV. HENRY S. JOHNSTON

MRS. O. O. HAMMONDS



Acme News picture

SPEAKER E. P. HILL

LEADING CHARACTERS IN OKLAHOMA'S DRAMA OF IMPEACHMENT

Oklahoma legislators would remove Governor Johnston on charges, including "general incompetency." As evidence of this they say that he lets his confidential secretary, Mrs. Hammonds, virtually run his office. Speaker Hill presided over the self-convened House that voted a resolution of impeachment.

OKLAHOMA'S IMPEACHMENT MUDDLE

ROSICRUCIAN MYSTERIES, "unexplainable control," a confidential secretary in the rôle of "a feminine Colonel House," the prayers of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in behalf of "our dry Governor," the distribution of highway contracts, a suddenly mobilized National Guard with orders to prevent "insurrectionary meetings" of State legislators, and a secret, three-o'clock-in-the-morning session, in an eighth-story suite of an Oklahoma City hotel, of a Legislature self-convened in defiance of the State Supreme Court—these are a few outstanding features in the amazing story of Oklahoma's attempt to impeach its Governor, Henry S. Johnston. "Even Kansas never linked up Rosicrucianism with politics," remarks the Boston *Post;* and it adds: "Novelists who complain that America has no themes romantic enough or strange enough for fiction ought to check up on Oklahoma." Other editors note that Governor Walton, impeached by an Oklahoma Legislature four years ago, was an anti-Klan Governor, while Governor Johnston, who has been in office less than a year, was nominated and elected with Klan support. "Oklahoma seems to have developed the habit of becoming so dissatisfied with its choice for Governor that it can't wait for the next regular State election to unseat him," comments the Louisville *Courier-Journal;* and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is moved to inquire: "Is Oklahoma singularly unfortunate in its election of Governors, or are its Governors unfortunate in their choice of a State over which to govern?" To the New York *Herald Tribune* the story of Oklahoma politics in recent years suggests a picnic—"an outing in which, sooner or later, the ants get into the sandwiches, some one drops the salt in the jam, and his excellency, if he isn't stung by a wasp, falls into the brook."

The indictment on which Oklahoma's self-convened House of Representatives asked the Senate, as a court of impeachment, to try the Governor, consists of six charges. These are summarized in an Associated Press dispatch from Oklahoma City:

"1. Replacing civil authority with military authority.

"2. Incompetency.

"3. Awarding a commission as Peace Officer to José Alvarado, alleged bank robber.

"4. Alleged illegal employment of Kirby Fitzpatrick, attorney of Ardmore, as counsel for the State Banking Department.

"5. Alleged illegal payment of $7,900 through a deficiency certificate on the Banking Department to employees said to have been illegally placed on the pay-roll.

"6. Alleged conspiracy between the Governor, his confidential secretary, Mrs. O. O. Hammonds, and an unnamed person in connection with collection of a highway claim by a contractor."

A charge of "corruption in office" was voted against Chief Justice Fred Branson of the State Supreme Court, who was afterward asked by the Senate to preside over its impeachment proceedings—an honor which he courteously declined. Charges were also voted against Harry B. Cordell, President of the State Board of Agriculture.

Some months ago, when the demand for an extraordinary session to take up charges against the State Administration began to be heard, the activities of Mrs. Hammonds, the Governor's confidential secretary, won a prominent place in the news. A petition addrest to the Governor and made public on October 31, said: "You should know that it is common talk throughout the State that she is Governor in fact, and that, while the naked legal title of Governor is vested in you, she holds the office, and by an unexplainable control, performs its duties and exercises its powers." This situation, the petition says, "is alleged to be a daily humiliation to the people of Oklahoma." Less formally, the correspondents tell us, the Governor's critics worry about his alleged absorption in the doctrines of Rosicrucianism, and suggest that there may be some connection between this preoccupation and his secretary's "occult influence" over his Administration. Both Governor Johnston and Mrs. Hammonds ridicule these rumors. She says that all this talk is a smoke-screen of the politicians to conceal their chagrin because they can not put their deals over; and the Governor is quoted as saying that if she is forced out of office, he will resign. As he explains the situation: "The only ones who really want her to leave here are a bunch of fellows who know that they can't get everything that is loose while she is in the outer office, keeping watch."

If there is any foundation for the charge that Mrs. Hammonds is the power behind the throne, remarks the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* "then the situation in Oklahoma is just the reverse of that which existed in Texas while 'Ma' Ferguson was Governor and 'Jim' Ferguson governed."

Normally the Oklahoma Legislature would not be in session until 1929; and Governor Johnston refused to exercise his constitutional authority to call a special session this year to consider the charges against his Administration. When members of

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the Legislature talked of convening on their own initiative, and in spite of the Governor, the Oklahoma Supreme Court ruled that the Legislature has no inherent power to convene itself," and "can convene only on the call of the Governor." Nevertheless, on December 6, the two Houses of the Legislature met in vindication of their alleged rights. The Governor sent them a message saying that as citizens they were free to meet, but that as a legislative body they had no legal existence. The Senate declared itself superior in authority to the State Supreme Court, and competent to sit as a court of impeachment. Then the Governor called out the National Guard, armed with unloaded rifles, and ordered them to suppress "all insurrectionary meetings, whether held at the Capitol or any other place in the State." The House then met secretly at night in a hotel suite, and voted the impeachment charges against him. The next day he withdrew the troops from around the State House, and the Senate met there and received the charges voted by the House.

"I will not submit to having the Constitution grossly outraged and a miniature revolution set up here in the State House," declared the Governor in a statement sent to the assembled legislators, and published at length in the Tulsa, Oklahoma, *Tribune*, where we read further:

"Nor will I permit those who would start or take charge of insurrection or revolution, to drag their fellow officers and associates into perpetrating that which in the after years they and their posterity would live to regret. This is not Russia. We are law-abiding citizens. We reverence the Constitution."

According to a United Press dispatch from Oklahoma City he based his use of troops on the alleged illegality of the special Legislative session, which met without a call from the Chief Executive. For the same reason, his friends say, he will ignore any action the Senate court of impeachment may take, since the Supreme Court has declared its actions void. Those behind the impeachment move, he insists, are merely "disappointed spoilsmen." "I intend," he says, "to rely completely on the courts."

Throughout all the confusion of this political mix-up, with its charges and counter-charges, notes the Wichita *Eagle*, "the press of Oklahoma has had a strong hand in the business of keeping things on an even keel." In the beginning, it tells us, Oklahoma papers were almost a unit in opposing a special session as unnecessary. But the action of Governor Johnston in calling out the troops seems to have swung some of them to the side of his opponents. Says the Oklahoma City *Times:*

"Seldom has a State witnessed a more flagrant abuse of authority than Governor Johnston's action in mobilizing the militia to prevent the assembling of the self-called session of the Legislature. The fact that this Legislature convened for inquisitorial purposes upon its own initiative and upon its own interpretation of the Constitution and the law did not create a state of insurrection in the minds of the people. The people in the main were indifferent. Probably most of them felt there was no adequate reason for a special session, no outstanding fault or offense of the administration that warranted impeachment charges. That indifference will pass now and the feeling will spread that the sooner Oklahoma can get rid of Henry S. Johnston as Governor the better it will be for the State."

In similar vein *The Daily Oklahoman*, of the same city, says:

"By official proclamation Governor Johnston tells the Union that conditions are so chaotic in Oklahoma that military intervention is necessary. By his act of military mobilization he gives all America reason for believing that Oklahoma is gript by the ugly hands of dissension that approximates civil war. Yet there was no State in the Union more peaceful than Oklahoma Sunday afternoon. There was no warrant for the Governor's action. His midnight appeal to the militia gave his enemies a reason for impeaching him that they had never before commanded. He has made it impossible for his friends to defend him. He has given the men who have trailed him an unanswerable reason why he should be removed from office."

"Oklahoma is tired of Central American politics," declares the Tulsa *Tribune*, which goes on to say:

"Governor Johnston has not in any way strengthened his case, either with the Legislature or the people by attempting to run this Commonwealth at the point of a bayonet."

The Guthrie *Leader*, which has supported the Governor in the past, now condemns his calling out of the National Guard, and the Muskogee *Times-Democrat*, which considers the State Constitution at fault, urges the Governor even at this late hour to call a session of the Legislature and "face the music."

The Tulsa *World*, however, takes the position that the State Legislature has the right to meet upon its own volition to inquire into charges made against public officials; and it recognizes in the Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment, a higher authority than the Supreme Court.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What per cent. of the working-girl class do not wear silk hosiery? (p. 24).
2. Who is the admitted assassin of Rasputin? (p. 30).
3. Over what States did Lindbergh fly to Mexico? (p. 3).
4. What new device makes a "safe airplane"? (p. 19).
5. What kinds of toys are preferred this Christmas? (p. 45).
6. What famous diplomat says that the peace of the world depends upon Anglo-American friendship? (p. 15).
7. How do clergymen's salaries compare with those of their poorer parishioners? (p. 23).
8. What two European nations, after being technically at war for seven years, recently buried the hatchet? (p.11).
9. Who were the three great Australians in the prize-ring? (p. 41).
10. What per cent. of all the automobiles in the world are in America? (p. 17).
11. How many college professors are there among American ex-Rhodes scholars? (p. 22).
12. How much do the Army engineers recommend spending on Mississippi flood-control in the next ten years? (p. 8).
13. How many Welsh miners marched how many miles to London in a protest against unemployment? (p. 13).
14. Who are America's unofficial ambassadors to Mexico? (p. 4).
15. State the "technical ineligibility" of Bruce Caldwell for the All-America football team? (p. 37).
16. What made primitive man take to wearing clothes? (p. 18).
17. What country near the United States is having a boom in mining? (p. 14).
18. What two States were "robbed of equal representation with other States in the Senate" at Washington early this month? (p. 10).
19. What substitute for alcohol is discovered for the preservation of dead animals and plants? (p. 18).
20. What Italian was known as "the faultless painter"? (p. 21).
21. What new devices are suggested to control future Mississippi floods? (p. 8).
22. What percentage of our car-drivers are responsible for the motor accidents? (p. 17).
23. What is the basis of football strength to-day? (p. 36).
24. How many British miners have lately been added to the Poor Law list? (p. 13).
25. Who is the leading playwright to-day of the "Irish Players"? (p. 20).

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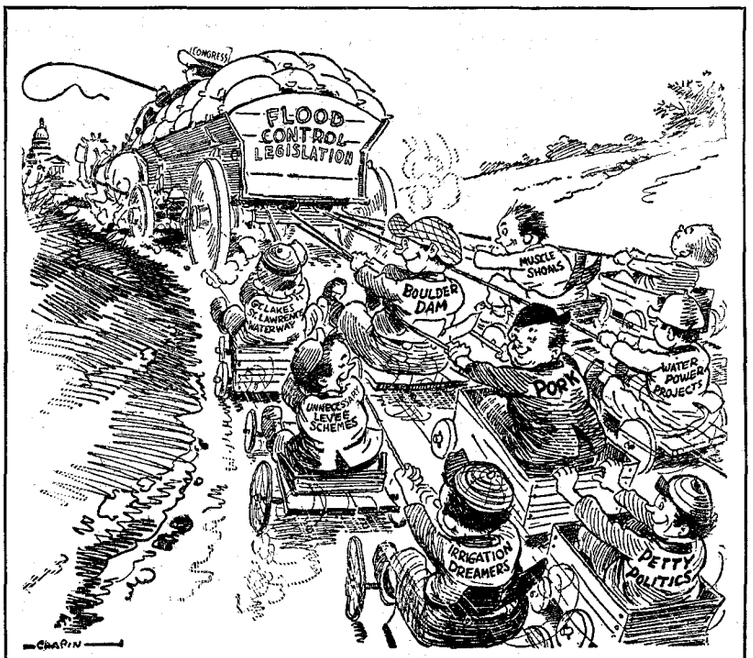
THE FLOOD-CONTROL FIGHT IN CONGRESS

THE GREATEST FLOOD IN OUR HISTORY now seems certain to be followed by one of the greatest oratorical outpourings ever heard in Congress. For the recommendations of the President and the Army engineers, particularly on the financial side, are calling forth loud objections from the Congressmen, the editors, and the other representatives of the Mississippi Valley States. Only one thing may be considered as settled in advance, remarks the Boston *Transcript*, and that is that "the country is in for an enormous bill." The recommendations of Major-General Jadwin, Chief of Army Engineers, provide for spending $296,400,000 on the lower regions of the Mississippi over a period of ten years. Of this sum $185,400,000 is to be spent for flood-control works, with the Federal Government contributing 80 per cent., and the States affected 20 per cent.; the other $111,000,000 will be spent by the Government alone on channel stabilization. The detailed plan has not been published in the press, but according to summaries it involves the abandonment of the "levee only" principle of flood-control and includes a spillway just above New Orleans emptying into Lake Pontchartrain, diversion floodways in the Atchafalaya and Tensas Basins, a river-bank floodway from Cairo, Illinois, to New Madrid, Missouri, a certain amount of strengthening, raising, and setting back of levees, and improvement and stabilization of navigation channels.



HE'LL HAVE TO WHIP BEHIND

—Chapin in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

The merit of this plan, as seen by most editors, lies in its provision for protecting the lower Mississippi, while leaving the way open for more thorough-going projects after further investigation. It seems to the Washington *Post* that "all who sincerely seek to control the Mississippi, should stand solidly behind the plan." The practical nature of the program appeals to a number of our newspapers, among them the Louisville *Herald-Post*, which points out that:

"The floodways are an entirely new feature of Mississippi control. These are in effect channels parallel to the main channel. When the river rises to flood stage it will overflow into the floodways which will carry the water off into the Gulf. By this means the capacity of the stream is substantially increased. The spillway above New Orleans, a variation of a floodway, is also new."

It is the financial features of the plan that make most of the trouble. It will be remembered that in his message to Congress, President Coolidge pointed out that "under the present law the land adjacent to the dikes has paid one-third of the cost of their construction." He considers this an "extraordinary concession," since while the troublesome waters "do not originate on the land to be reclaimed," nevertheless, "such waters have a right of way through that section of the country and the land there is charged with that easement," and "it is the land of this region that is to be benefited." "To say that it is unable to bear any expense of reclamation is the same thing as saying that it is not worth reclaiming." These regions have paid out so much that President Coolidge thinks that the proportion they pay ought to be cut down, but he does not think the Federal Government should pay the whole bill. The President returns to this argument in his letter transmitting the Jadwin plan of flood-control, saying in part:

"In determining the distribution of the costs, there must be considered not only the people of the valley itself, who receive the major portion of the benefits, but also the great mass of taxpayers who suffer less directly from Mississippi River floods, and upon whom most of the burden of Federal taxation falls. It is axiomatic that States and other local authorities should supply all land and assume all pecuniary responsibility for damages that may result from the execution of the project.

"The Federal Treasury should bear the portion of the cost of engineering structures for flood-control that is justified by the national aspects of the problem and the national benefits. It may even bear 80 per cent. of such costs, but substantial local cooperation is essential to avoid waste."

This arrangement seems "equitable and actually generous" to the Washington *Star*. The New York *Sun* scouts the idea that the Federal Government should carry all this expense as in the case of harbor improvements—

"The two projects do not stand on the same footing. Federal authority over navigable waters is necessary unless the country is to abandon an essential part of the national defense. Flood-control will benefit the entire country incidentally, but primarily it will benefit those who own bottom lands along the rivers, much of which is worthless without flood-control and extremely valuable with it."

But the voice of the Lower Mississippi Valley States is raised in loud protest. Their general opinion is set forth by George N. Coad in a New Orleans dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"These States can not make any substantial contribution to ward adequate works for the control of floods. All they can do they have done. If the enormously expensive works now generally admitted to be necessary to prevent repetition of last spring's disaster are to be constructed, the Federal Government must bear the burden.

"This is not merely the opinion of those who would make a habit of saddling every expense upon the Federal Treasury, nor of half-informed persons eager to make out a case. It is the opinion of all thoughtful men, bankers, engineers, editors, merchants, of this section of the valley. They know that spillways and improved levees are going to cost many scores of millions of dollars, and they know that most of the levee districts of these States could not raise a substantial proportion of this sum if their very existence depended upon doing so. This country has gone to the limit of its endurance in fighting the river. Its burden must be eased."

Control of streams like the Mississippi is an obligation that rests solely on the Federal Government, argues the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, a leading newspaper of that region:

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"Its purpose is to protect life and property from the ravages of streams over which the Government is charged with responsibility. It is a work of defense. Moreover, experience has shown that division of costs is impracticable. The work of flood protection on these rivers, which form a national system of waterways, should be entirely in the hands of one power, endowed with the authority and the means to accomplish it effectively; and the Federal Government is not only the sole power capable of such accomplishment, but the paramount obligation rests squarely upon it to take full charge of the work."

The Natchez *Democrat*, a little farther south, declares that the proposal to have the flood-stricken areas pay a proportion of the cost of control is "impossible and impracticable"—"the people of the flood-stricken areas are in need of bread, and it will not suffice to feed them a stone." The New Orleans *States* insists that reclamation has nothing to do with the problem, that the lands in the valley have been highly developed for generations. And when the President says an easement exists for the drainage of the whole valley, "he seems to forget that, while this may be true, the demand on this easement has grown out of all proportion to what it was originally by the cutting down of the forests and the extraordinary development of the thirty States through which the waters now come in floods infinitely greater than say half a century ago." Wherefore, it is said to be only simple justice that the Government should take over flood-control and harness the Mississippi. Another New Orleans paper, *The Times-Picayune*, declares that "the States of the lower valley have already spent more than enough money to protect themselves from any possible flood that might originate within their borders." But while the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* voices its great disappointment that the Administration declines to assume the entire cost, it adds that:

"The reduction of the percentage of cost from one-third to one-fifth may inspire a new effort and a new resolution. The valley will assume the burden, if possible. If not, it must face the prospect of future floods until the Government is wise enough to assume the entire cost or until conditions are so improved that it can pay the part allotted to it."

From the *Bulletin* of the American Railway Engineering Association (Chicago)

SUBMERGED AREA AND PRINCIPAL CREVASSES IN THE 1927 MISSISSIPPI FLOOD

The shaded area shows the maximum inundation, and the location of the crevasses (breaks in levees) is indicated by the numbers as follows: (1) Dorena, (2) St. Johns-New Madrid, (3) Knowlton, (4) Mound Landing, (5) Pendleton breaks, (6) Whitehall-Walnut Bend, (7) Laconia, (8) Cabin Teele, (9) Winter Quarters, (10) Glasscock, Brabston and Bougère Nos. 1 and 2, (11) Bayou Des Glaize, (12) Melville, (13) McCrea, (14) Junior, (15) Caernarvon. The Jadwin flood-control plan provides for a river-bank floodway on the west side of the river from Cairo to New Madrid, Missouri, which is opposite the Kentucky-Tennessee boundary line; a diversion floodway in the Tensas Basin west of the main river between the mouths of the Arkansas and Red Rivers; a diversion floodway along the Atchafalaya River from the mouth of the Red River to the Gulf; a spillway from a point in the river above New Orleans into Lake Pontchartrain, and a setting back of levees to widen the main stream at critical points below the mouth of the Red River.

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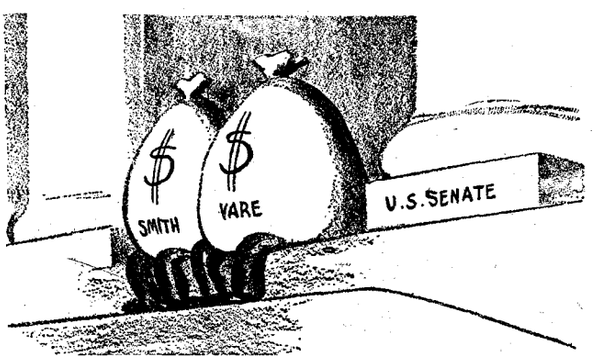
SMITH AND VARE BARRED OUT

"FRAUD AND CORRUPTION" are the words used in the Senate resolution barring Senator-elect Frank L. Smith, Republican of Illinois, from his seat while the charges against him are being investigated. These words are repeated three times in the similar resolution excluding Senator-elect William S. Vare, Republican of Pennsylvania. Yet not a few newspapers of character and weight hold that these resolutions are unjust and unconstitutional. What is the explanation? Last year Mr. Smith's campaign committee, it is said, spent



A COUPLE OF STATESMEN WAITING TO GET IN

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

some $458,720 in the Illinois primary campaign, while the expenses of the Pennsylvanian, we are told, amounted to $785,000, the expenditures being made for several other candidates on the same ticket, in addition to the Senator-elect.

That the Senate would have the right to expel the two after they have been seated is not questioned in the press of the country. But, maintain some of our best known dailies, when a State sends an elected representative to the United States Senate, with valid credentials duly signed by the Governor of that State, the Senator-elect is entitled to take the oath. His primary or preelection sins, if any, may then be investigated. But Smith and Vare were not allowed to take their seats. By a vote of 53 to 28, in the case of Smith, and by 56 to 30, in the Vare case, "the States of Illinois and Pennsylvania," as one editorial writer phrases it, "are denied equal representation with other States in the Senate." Their seats are withheld until the Reed investigating committee has made a further report, which means that their doom is sealed, says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*. To quote a part of the Senate resolution which barred Senator-elect Vare from the upper House:

"Resolved, That the expenditure of such a large sum of money to secure the nomination of the said William S. Vare as a candidate for the United States Senate *prima facie* is contrary to sound public policy, harmful to the dignity and honor of the Senate, dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government and, together with the charges of corruption and fraud made in the report of said committee and substantiated by the evidence taken by said committee, the charges of corruption and fraud made by the Governor of Pennsylvania *prima facie* taint with fraud and corruption the credentials of the said William S. Vare."

There is a constitutional issue involved, but to the general public, points out the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "the question is primarily one involving decency in politics." Altho the Smith campaign committee spent the lesser amount, more than $200,000 is said to have been contributed to the fund by public-utility companies having business before the Illinois Commerce Commission, of which Mr. Smith was chairman. Nevertheless, maintains a New England newspaper, the Springfield *Union:*

"The refusal of a majority in the Senate to permit the administration of the oath of office to Senator-elect Smith, of Illinois, flies in the face of established constitutional injunction and sets a precedent that may ultimately undermine orderly Congressional procedure.

"In voting virtually to expel him from the Senate without a hearing, the Senate knowingly disregarded the fact that his credentials are in proper form, that he fulfils the qualifications prescribed by the Constitution, and that he was the choice of the voters of a sovereign State in an election, the validity of which has not been questioned. Spurning these facts, the Senate refused him his seat on grounds that can not be justified on any other score than that of partizanism. That he unethically accepted contributions in a State primary campaign from one who might seek favors from him as chairman of the Illinois public utilities commission is at best a weak excuse for the Senate's action.

"It is clear that if a majority in the Senate may dictate who shall be its members, regardless of the properly exprest choice of the States, the Senate has ceased to be a representative body."

This, it may be added, is the attitude taken by Democratic, Republican, and independent papers, such as the New York *World*, Washington *Post*, Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail*, New Haven *Journal-Courier*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, and Chicago *Evening Post*. "The arbitrary exclusion of these two men from participation in the business of the Senate is an invasion of State rights," asserts the Connecticut daily. "They never should have been elected," believes the Richmond paper, "but, once chosen by the people of Illinois and Pennsylvania, they should be allowed to take their seats in the Senate." As the argument is summed up by one of Mr. Vare's "home-town" papers, the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

"This newspaper opposed the nomination of Mr. Vare, but it does insist upon upholding the Constitution of the United States.

"The Senate derives its powers from the Constitution and from no other source. The Constitution specifies its authority

SMITH-VARE PRE-ELECTION
SURE! I'VE TAKEN A FEW DRINKS!
10 YEARS AGO I WAS CONVICTED FOR SPEEDING!
I'VE ONLY BEEN DIVORCED ONCE!
I WAS THROWN OUT FOR SMOKIN' CIGARETTES!
SENATE
WHO STARTED THIS?
SENATOR-ELECT

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ONCE ESTABLISHED, THAT BOUNCER MAY GROW TOO EFFICIENT

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

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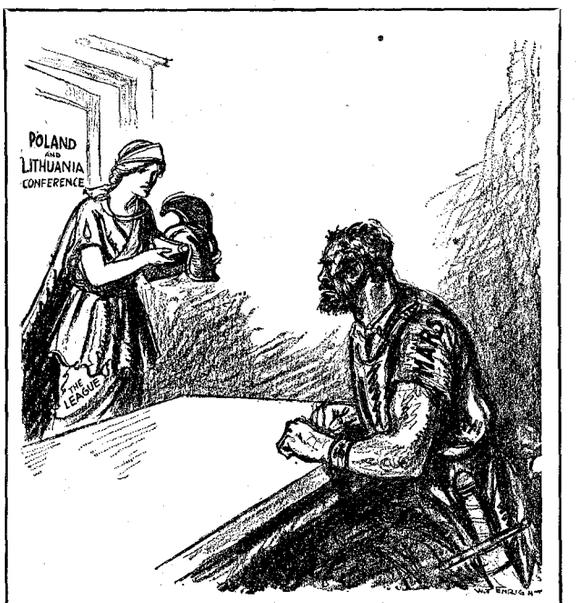
as regards its membership. States elect Senators according to laws enacted by them. True, 'each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members.' But the qualifications as written concern age, citizenship, and residence. Nothing else. If there is dispute as to the correctness of the election returns, the Senate may investigate and unseat a member—but he must first be admitted. Until he takes the oath, he is not a member.

"In dealing with the Vare and Smith cases, the Constitution has, we believe, been tossed to the winds. There were the credentials certifying the election of these two men. The Senate was bound to accept them, in our opinion, and investigate all charges afterward. It did nothing of the kind. It stood the men aside for no other reason than that huge sums of money were expended at the primaries. Neither Constitution nor law of Congress authorizes such proceedings. The laws of Pennsylvania and of Illinois place no limit on expenditures. Mr. Reed's investigating committee found no fraud. True, it denounced the payment of watchers at the polls in Pennsylvania as corrupt, but the laws of Pennsylvania approve of such payments, and what right has the Senate to dictate to the legislatures of sovereign Commonwealths?

"We have repeatedly said that our interest in these contests concerns the integrity of the Constitution. We believe that the Senate has deliberately and dangerously assailed it. It has set itself up as a supreme dictator. It has usurped power in the most arrogant fashion.

"It should be called to account."



"HERE'S YOUR HELMET—WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?"

—Enright in the New York *World*.

There is another school of thought, however, which maintains that moral as well as political qualifications may be judged by "the greatest deliberative body in the world." To this school belongs the St. Joseph *News-Press*, which declares: "The most effective way to stop corrupt campaign practises is to stop an unfit claimant at the door of the Senate." As we read in the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

"While yesterday's action sets a poor constitutional precedent, it represents a victory for public decency. If Vare and Smith should be seated after investigation, the Senate will have freed them from certain well-founded suspicions; if they are rejected, the lesson will go home to every State in the Union."

Obviously, remarks the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, "the expenditure of $785,000, honestly or dishonestly, will have a great influence on the electorate." And—

"Once the principle of buying public office is admitted, there is no limit to the amount of money an eager and wealthy candidate might spend to gain a seat in the Senate. That principle can not be admitted.

"The principal issue raised by the supporters of Vare and Smith is the right of a State to elect its own representatives. In refusing seats to Vare and Smith, it is said, the Senate interferes with the constitutional duties of sovereign States. In the opinion of *The Knickerbocker Press*, this issue is not valid. The Constitution declares that each House of Congress shall be the judge of the qualifications and elections of its members. Who wrote this provision? The States themselves. The States created the Senate, its authority, and its powers.

"Next in line on the side of the opposition is the argument over the interpretation of this constitutional provision. Those who favor seating Vare and Smith declare that 'the qualifications' of a Senator are merely those defined elsewhere in the Constitution, and that judging the 'elections' of a Senator does not include primary elections. We believe this to be quibbling. It is obvious that the intent of the framers of the Constitution was to give the Senate general jurisdiction over its own membership."

POLAND AND LITHUANIA AT PEACE

THE FEAR OF A GENERAL FLARE-UP such as involved the whole world in war within recent memory is dissipated, for the time being, say Geneva dispatches, by the resumption of peaceful relations between Poland and Lithuania. Urged by the "big five" members of the League of Nations—England, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan—the two Baltic nations agreed on December 10 to end the technical state of war that has existed for seven years, and to enter into direct negotiations for the settlement of their differences. To American newspaper correspondents in the capitals of Europe and at Geneva, this means that another little war, which might have spread to involve all Europe, has come formally to an end over the council table of the League. Moreover, points out the Boston *Globe*, "it is a distinct gain for the world at large." The quarrel between Poland and Lithuania, notes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "had reached the fighting stage. Something like war was actually in progress along the border. More than this, there was deep personal antipathy between the leading figures in the conflict—Marshal Pilsudski, of Poland, and Premier Waldemaras, of Lithuania."

It was here that the League intervened. Summoning the two belligerent rulers to Geneva, the "big five" persuaded them to come to an agreement. Lithuanian independence is recognized; non-official communications by railroad, mail, telephone, and telegraph are resumed. But—and more than one European correspondent makes a point of this—the agreement between Pilsudski and Waldemaras provides that their action "in no way affects questions on which the two governments have differences of opinion." This is interpreted to mean that the smoking of the peace-pipe at Geneva does not affect Poland's occupation of Vilna, which has been Lithuanian by settlement, tradition, and language for more than six hundred years. Poland, it is pointed out, still possesses the city, and has not indicated that she is willing to relinquish it. This, say foreign correspondents, is the fundamental factor which makes Geneva's settlement of the quarrel between the two Baltic nations more apparent than real.

On the other hand, not a few American editors consider the successful outcome of the negotiations at Geneva a distinct victory for the League of Nations. To quote a representative daily, the New York *World:*

"This settlement, however precarious and beset with difficulties, is most creditable to Waldemaras and Pilsudski. It is most creditable to the Soviet representative, M. Litvinoff, whose ready acceptance of the plan smoothed the way for further consideration. It is most creditable to M. Briand, who, using to its full measure the influence of France with Poland as a nation especially close to her in friendship, acted as master of ceremonies in the dramatic reconciliation scene. But the honors go first of all to the League.

"The League has appointed the Foreign Minister of Holland as a 'special reporter' to attempt to find some formula satisfactory to both sides. His efforts may come to nothing. But this much may be said: If actual warfare has been avoided so far, it is because the moderating influence of the League has operated on the side of peace. The League may not be able to settle a complex problem, but to date it has averted a new war in Europe."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

"Joss-stick" makers in Shanghai have struck against a new war tax, and the whole city is incensed.—*Manila Bulletin.*

Television's greatest contribution to humanity is that it will cause the complete cure of a great many sick friends.—*Detroit News.*

It must now seem apparent to both Vare and Smith that they paid their price of admission to unauthorized scalpers.—*Wichita Eagle.*

A statistician who has been keeping track of things in that field claims Trotzky has now been exiled three more times than he has died.—*Detroit News.*

"Standard Oil Men Listen to Rockefeller." They'd better.—*New York Evening Post.*

Anyhow, the Republican party can not say, "I do not choose." It has to.—*Boston Transcript.*

The five types of clouds are cirrus, stratus, cumulus, nimbus, and Balkan war.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"Edison hunting for rubber in weeds."—Literary Digest. So he, too, has taken up golf.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Our corn-surplus problem has been solved. Face powder can be made from corn.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

Isn't it now up to the opponents of experimental marriage to prove that there is any other kind?—*Boston Transcript.*

A packer asserts in his ad that sardines are full of Vitamin A, altho offhand we would have thought there wasn't room in the can.—*Detroit News.*

There are, however, still Republicans who remind us that Mr. Coolidge has never said he wouldn't choose if he were chosen.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The biggest draft any one ever heard of would be pulled off if Santa Claus ever announced that he did not choose to run.—*Des Moines Tribune.*

A man in Chicago was shot, but a silver dollar in his pocket deflected the bullet. It is a good thing he wasn't a poet.—*American Lumberman.*

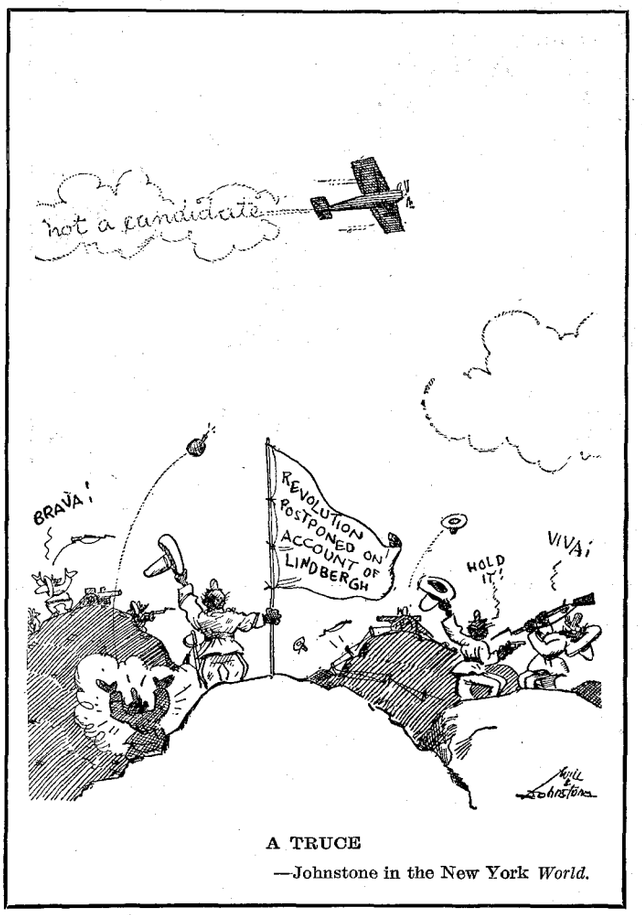
The British have discovered untold billions of chemical wealth in the Dead Sea. Our bet is the next crusade to the Holy Land will go over big.—*The New Yorker.*

Dartmouth's president says too many young people go to college, but how else can parents get rid of them during that period?—*Publishers Syndicate (Chicago).*

"The tocsin of war will sound again ere long in Europe," says a pessimistic Dutch observer. So the League or somebody will have to hurry up with an anti-tocsin.—*Detroit News.*

In his latest book Upton Sinclair hints that the American novelists and newspaper writers have been bribed by Wall Street. If that's so, somebody's holding out on us.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Statistician says that nearly a third of the homes of the United States are without bathtubs. But, then, nearly a third of the people of the United States are seldom at home.—*Arkansas Gazette.*



A TRUCE

—Johnstone in the New York *World.*

Calles says his ambition is to be a farmer. His firing squads have turned a lot of sod during his administration.—*Dallas News.*

The man who crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope would be an ideal candidate in these wet-dry political times.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Archeologists have unearthed a kitchen sink more than 3,000 years old. From beneath a pile of dishes, presumably.—*Detroit News.*

The American people aren't as much interested in the love that passeth understanding as they are in the car that passeth all the others.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

Oklahoma has an automatic Legislature, but the Governor doesn't think it's loaded.—*Dallas News.*

American hold-up men seem to get about everything except what is coming to them.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Senatorial seats must not cost more than seats in Wall Street. It wouldn't be democratic.—*Toledo Blade.*

S. Claus is one wholesale distributor who isn't complaining because of the lack of large orders.—*Nashville Banner.*

There were 232 murders in Chicago in eight months. There's an item for Mayor Thompson's all-American history.—*Toronto Globe.*

There are some indications that the year after Hoover handled the big floods he will also manage the big landslide.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

The French Army is to wear olive. It is to be hoped that this will soon lead to its carrying the olive branch.—*Boston Christian Science Monitor.*

If that Jesse James statue establishes a precedent, it might be well for Chicago to buy her bronze before the price goes up.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

A radio program awakened a woman who had been asleep for 180 hours. Probably some one singing one of those Mammy lullaby things.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

"Man Who Held Lincoln's Horse During Civil War Dies Here," head-lines a Canton paper. If that wasn't patience, we don't know what is.—*American Lumberman.*

Irving Fisher says that 80 per cent. of our people barely earn a living. The truth is that they earn an excellent living but it is the 20 per cent. who get it.—*The New Yorker.*

We like the man whose impulse it is to say yes much better than the one whose impulse it is to say no, but the trouble is that the former never has anything to lend.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A millionaire oil man wants the Government to pay him back the money he spent while trying to steal an oil field. There's a bird who believes in Santa Claus.—*Marshall County (Minn.) Banner.*

Mustafa Kemal, cable dispatches from Turkey say, is about to marry again, and maybe he just wanted to get that seven-day speech out of his system before it was too late.—*New York Evening Post.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

P. & A. photograph

THE PROTEST MARCH OF WELSH MINERS

Nearly 300 unemployed workers from the coal-mines of Wales marched to London with their mine lamps in their hands, living largely by the charity of all sections of the community on their thirteen days' tramp. Poverty and depression are said to prevail also in other English coal regions.

THE TRAGIC PLIGHT OF BRITAIN'S MINERS

TO RECALL A CONDITION so desolate and grim as that of the South Wales coal-fields, we are told, it would be necessary to go back many years in the history of Great Britain. More depressing still is the discovery through the press that the situation in Northumberland and Durham is described by some as being even worse. In the latter county, as the London *Star* notes, there were 172,000 miners employed before the slump, and 50,000 of them are now without work, while many have been continuously unemployed since 1924-1925. This London daily adds that they have been jobless so long that they have been removed from the Insurance List and transferred to the Poor Law list. This state of affairs, we are advised, is complicated by the unemployment in the iron, steel and shipbuilding industries, so that the position is said to be "of the darkest possible gravity." As a dramatic protest against the pitiful conditions in Wales, about 270 of the miners marched 170 miles to London under the leadership of Mr. A. J. Cook, who is called a "Communist labor leader." While the press in general has sympathy for the misfortunes of the miners, there are those journals that seem to think they were the dupes of Communist exploiters in their march to London. On the other hand, many newspapers are at once deprest and alarmed at the terrible poverty of the coal districts, and raise their voices in appeal to the Government to make an end of it. Herewith will be found specimens of each of these points of view. Among those newspapers that rather sneered at the miners on the march is the London *Daily Express*, which observes:

"A wretched spectacle was to be seen in Trafalgar Square yesterday. Some two hundred and fifty unemployed miners from South Wales, the dupes and tools of the Communists, assembled there in the rain and the cold, having marched the breadth of England to demonstrate—what? Probably none of them knew exactly. They were miserable, they were out of work, they had been told that if only they advertised their plight to the whole country by a spectacular descent upon London something—precisely what was never revealed to them—would be bound to happen. And so these unhappy men, little realizing they were merely pawns in a game of extremist politics, trudged all the weary miles from South Wales to be received by Mr. A. J. Cook and a downpour—a combination that surpassed all previous records in the way of depressing welcomes. Official trade unionism, of course, had nothing to do with this sorry and most uncomfortable enterprise. It was just a case of the unemployed miners being exploited once more for the benefit of professional agitators."

On the other hand, this journal thinks that "much the same sort of thing is going on at the other end of the political scale," and it declares that a year ago the coal industry was "a kept industry" and lived on what the Government allowed it, while to-day it is the shuttlecock of politics, according to this journal, which adds:

"The economics of the industry are being neglected. Of constructive suggestions from those who indulge in artificial uproar there is hardly a trace. Neither Cookism, with its marchers of the unemployed, nor political opportunism, with its hopes of House of Commons gain, must be allowed to elbow aside the realities of the coal problem, and the policies that aim simply at its redemption and reconstruction. The Government and Parliament, of course, have their parts to play, and it is to be hoped that those parts will be played with a greater sense of responsibility and a wider appreciation of the gravity of the situation than have recently been shown. We hope now that, in Parliament and out of it, there will be displayed a readiness to face up to one of the most important domestic problems of the times.

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It can not be solved merely by the making of speeches or the refusal to make them."

The problem of the miners in South Wales is one which no government in common decency can neglect or evade, thinks the London *Daily News*, which believes that perhaps the two most remarkable facts about the economic submergence of South Wales are the hopeless apathy of the people, who have lost even the power to protest against their fate, and the terrible sense of isolation and desertion which seems to have fallen like a blight upon every class in the community. We read then:

A BITTER THRUST AT BRITISH UNEMPLOYMENT

"The Man Who Was." —*John Bull* (London).

"United by a common bond of misery, the tens of thousands of industrial derelicts, the underpaid and half-starved workers, the distrest shopkeepers, the professional men and the baffled members of municipal bodies have reconciled themselves with the bitterness of despair to a calamity that does not appear to have one redeeming feature or a ray of hope.

"South Wales might indeed be living under the shadow of a great war. The destitution could scarcely be more deep or wide-spread if these islands were under the threat of starvation by a ruthless enemy; the arrest of all but the most vital services in the development of local government could scarcely be more complete if the nation's man-power and productive capacity were concentrated upon a life-and-death struggle with an invading Power."

Meanwhile, this London newspaper tells us of a decision of the South Wales coal-owners to carry out a joint scheme for steadying the market. It is the first time in the troubled history of this great industry, we are told, that a whole coal-field has made any attempt at all at practical cooperation, and it is further stated that:

"The movement cuts so deeply across all the preconceived notions of British owners as to the proper method of conducting their business that it is almost bound to have consequences of critical importance. Obviously the promoters are feeling their way. They have yet to realize the full possibilities of a policy of self-help in combination. But the great merit of the system which they have evolved is that it substitutes at last a measure of ordered control for anarchic competition. There will be less inducement for those owners who were engaged in a cutthroat struggle for trade to overproduce; and a much better prospect is offered to other firms which even under present conditions could make a profit if their mines were working full time, but which, owing to a totally unregulated competition, have been compelled to work short time. We congratulate the South Wales owners on their belated but welcome recognition of what the Mining Association is so fond of describing as 'the economic realities' (when it is complaining of the stubborn ignorance of miners) and on the fact that it has shown the way not only to other colliery-owning groups which, as in Durham, are still hankering after further wage-reductions as a solution of their problem, but also to the Government itself.

"The experiment will certainly be watched with the deepest interest by the whole community, for the deplorable human conditions in the greater part of the British coal-fields are now very much the concern of the nation at large."

A silver lining to the black clouds that darken the British miners' days is seen in the great mining development now under way in Canada, which affords an opportunity for the British miner in one of his country's Dominions. The conditions in England are noted by the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, which informs us that:

"Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, who is now on an Empire trip in his official capacity, will be here next month to discuss with the Canadian authorities the question of finding openings for the unemployed miners of Great Britain. If the work should be temporary or seasonal the men would naturally want assurances of a return passage, and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister has stated in the British House of Commons that with a very small expenditure of money that Government would be able to give this assurance.

"We hope, however, that British miners who do come here will become permanent residents of Canada. There is already too large a proportion of foreigners among the immigrants to this country, and if we do not secure British miners for the mining development which we expect, their places will be taken by foreigners. In the United States mining towns and cities are filled with aliens, chiefly from the Balkan countries, and they constitute a disturbing problem in assimilation for that country. The miners out of work in Great Britain are mainly in the coal districts, but they can adapt themselves to mining conditions here more readily than to other occupations. We hope that Mr. Amery will be successful in arranging with the Dominion Government for an influx of British miners sufficient to take care of our requirements."

AS SOVIET RUSSIA SEES ENGLAND

Labor Leader MacDonald barks at Premier Baldwin because he is goaded into a furious rage by the workless miner.

—*Pravda* (Moscow).

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CHICAGO'S MAYOR STILL IN OVERSEAS LIMELIGHT

THE ESTIMATED LOSS to Chicago manufacturers from "Big Bill" Thompson's anti-British campaign will be the big bill of $1,500,000, and experts on outgoing trade are reported in Chicago dispatches as saying that the orders of an Australian pool were placed in America, but not with Chicago firms, "because of the anti-British attitude exprest by the Mayor," while a New Zealand business man is quoted as declaring that "his self-respect would not permit him to buy in a city so thoroughly anti-British as Chicago." Meanwhile, Boston dispatches to the Manchester *Guardian* speak of a thrust at Chicago's Mayor by Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador, who, at a dinner of the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower descendants in Boston, humorously remarked:

"We have heard so much lately from another place of the danger of British propaganda in America that I am beginning to wonder whether the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, gathered here for the purpose of celebrating the landing of their ancestors at Plymouth, might not have feared that the presence of the British Ambassador to-night might bring some dread infection of the disease known as Anglo-American friendship. It is, of course, a most dangerous malady and may lead to results too appalling to contemplate. I fear, however, that I am badly infected with it, and may perhaps spread the microbe."

In more serious vein, Sir Esmé asserted that the peace of the world depends on Anglo-American friendship, and he added:

"It is difficult for me not to believe that those who seek to undermine it are consciously or unconsciously actively promoting a state of things that will make permanent peace far more difficult to realize and the possiblity of a new world war more threatening than at present. Such a world war, whether for us or for our children, would be a disaster so incalculable that even such a dangerous propagandist as a British Ambassador may be excused for doing what little he can to avert it."

In a scathing open letter published by the London *Daily Express*, J. B. Priestley, novelist, essayist, and critic, agrees ironically with Mayor Thompson that Chicago must be kept a 100 per cent. American city, and its position, nearly in the middle of the United States, demands that it should be swept clean of pro-British propaganda. Addressing the Mayor as "Dear Big Bill," Mr. Priestley continues:

"You were the first to see that, and you realize, too, that a city must be swept clean of something. I can only hope that by this time Chicago is an example of how it is possible for American citizens to break the American laws in good American fashion.

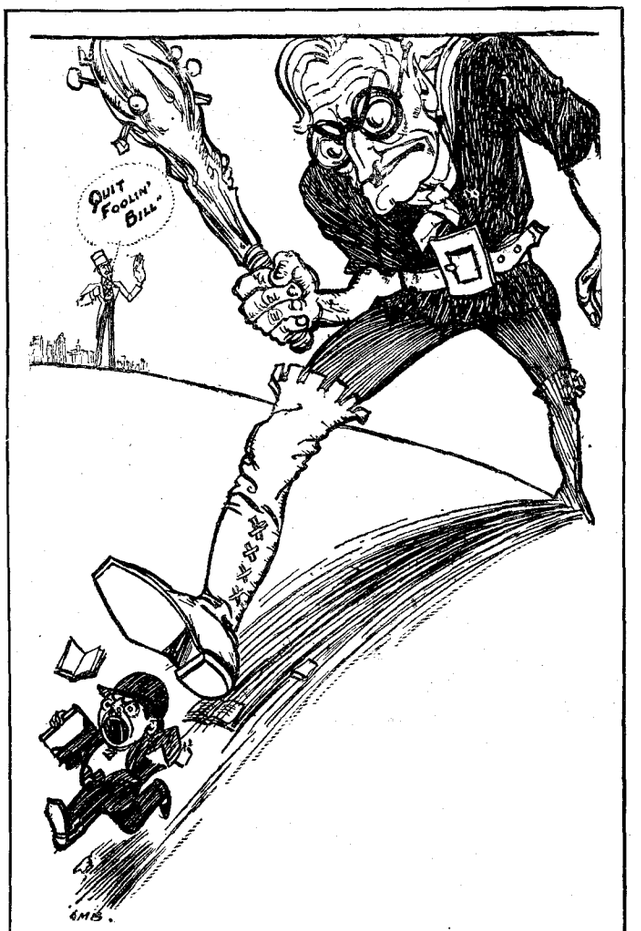
"If you find any of your people in possession of British synthetic gin and wood alcohol or British automatics and machine-guns, do not hesitate to point out how unpatriotic they are. If any members of the Royal Family or the House of Lords try to interfere with your local government—let us say, your possible arrest of notorious gang-leaders—you have our full permission to publish their names and titles.

"It did not take you long to discover what was wrong in Chicago, why the city was becoming so British that it was almost a suburb of London. It was not the saloons and cafés and bagnios and criminal haunts that were causing the trouble. It was the libraries. The citizens of Chicago read too much, and what they read is nothing more nor less than British propaganda. So you determined to burn all the offending books. It is, of course, a bold move, but then you are a bold man and are not called 'Big Bill' for nothing.

"I only hope, tho, that you have not underestimated the magnitude of the task. You must begin with Shakespeare, who was appallingly pro-English, an out-and-out King George's man of his day. He will have to go. So, indeed, will all the major English authors. Men like Dickens are nothing less than a menace. Unfortunately, you can not stop there. A large number of American writers, who have gone to the length of praising England, its people, customs, scenery, literature, must obviously be treated as fellow propagandists and have their works destroyed.

"Washington Irving, Emerson, Poe, Hawthorne, Lowell, to name only a few, will have to go into the furnace. Even Whitman and Mark Twain are not above suspicion, and it would be safer to throw them in, too, and make a clean sweep."

This British critic of Chicago's Mayor then calls his attention to the fact that no doubt British goods are still finding their way to Chicago, and he adjures him that it is the Mayor's duty to keep them out, because "these commercial relations are no doubt a cloak for insidious propaganda." When he first read quotations from Mayor Thompson's speeches, Mr. Priestley confesses that he thought irony must be the Mayor's favorite weapon, but at last he realized that Mr. Thompson is not ironical, especially as all he said was "the exact opposite of the truth." The trouble with Britain is not that it pays too much attention to Chicago, but that it does not pay enough, and Mr. Priestley proceeds:



A SCOTTISH JAB AT "BIG BILL"

"Fee-fo-fum—I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

—*Evening Times* (Glasgow).

"If you had said that, you would now be one of our critics instead of being one of our jokes. You can not expect us to take seriously a campaign to keep 'on the other side of the ocean' people who never dream of crossing it. This is shadow fighting with a vengeance.

"Your real case against us is that we do not take enough interest in you. We have, for example, only just awakened to the fact that it would pay us to persuade more of your tourists to come here.

"Many of us hardly know where Chicago is and never realize its importance. If you had accused us of ignorance and indifference and had started a campaign against them, instead of talking as if George the Third and not George the Fifth were on the throne, you would have been doing your own people and ours a notable service.

"As a thinker you are an anachronism. If there ever was a time when melodramatic talk about great nations did any

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good, that time has passed long ago. It is the business of peoples nowadays to understand one another, and especially those peoples that have so much in common as the American and the British.

"Instead of there being too much British propaganda in Chicago, there is not enough. Nor has it, of course, to be one-sided. You talk of making your people 'sturdy defenders of American ideals.' See that we too learn about these ideals. Give us some American propaganda. The world will not suffer if each of our respective countries is flooded with the other's propaganda.

"Your attitude is really an insult to your own country and not ours. Why this deep suspicion of a little praise of another and friendly nation? Does it not suggest a lack of confidence in your own country? If the 'sturdy defenders of American ideals' must be kept from any praise of another country, from any knowledge of other and different points of view, there is something very queer about their sturdiness, and about those ideals that they are only ready to defend by being ignorant of any others."

POSTWAR CHANGES IN BRITISH CLUBLAND

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME has been proverbially famous as being his castle, but his club as a veritable stronghold from which women were absolutely excluded, and into which a new member could enter only after a long social siege. But since the war, it appears, a number of changes have come over clubland, and it seems that now there is hardly a West End club in London of any size that has a waiting-list. An old social observer, cited by the Manchester *Guardian*, relates that he can remember the time when you had to wait from fifteen to twenty-five years on the list before you got into the Carlton Club. This informant admits that he himself waited twenty years before he was elected, and he is reported further:

"In late Victorian days a man of property or fashion belonged to five or six clubs, and every one was more or less a clubman. 'And now,' said this authority, 'the young men are not clubmen any more. They are more like Frenchmen.' He said this without bitterness and more like a man stating an unhappy fact that could not be ignored. Men no longer 'belonged' to clubs.

"Why is this? Is it a question of poverty? No, it isn't that, except as to people no longer having a number of clubs. It is mainly because they have lost the club habit, as they have so many 'semiclubs' and so many other things to do with their time and money. A young man nowadays usually is a member of one or two golf clubs, perhaps Ranelagh or Roehampton, perhaps of a country club, and of sports clubs of different sorts. Then there are the night clubs, or dance clubs, or whatever you call them, where people go and get their names in the gossip papers and sometimes in the police court. All these things cost time and money. In his young days there were none of these things. He thought that next year would see the end of one or two historic clubs. The real cause of the changed manners which led the young men away from the clubs is the motor-car and its effects, and the changed relations of men and women."

The plaint of the old Carlton member has found more than one echo in Manchester smoking-rooms, *The Guardian* then tells us, and adds that in the clubs of that city the waiting-list is now a thing unheard of. It is the clubs which are waiting rather than the prospective members, we are told, and nearly everywhere the tale is one of entrance fees suspended in the hope of speeding the flow of new members. This applies to the old Mosley Street clubs as well as to the larger political ones, according to this daily, which continues:

"Even in some of the newer clubs, where the entrance fee has not yet gone, it is likely that the problem of falling membership will yet have to be met by the same device. There is little doubt that the younger men, who, according to old expectation, should be taking the place of their fathers as Manchester's clubmen, find even the most modernized city club 'old-fashioned.' It offers them as much as it offered their fathers; but there is not as much of what it offers that they nowadays want.

"'We're a lunch club now, and very little more,' a generation-old member of one of the Mosley Street clubs put it yesterday, 'and that applies generally to every club in Manchester.' The members to-day use their club for lunch, and perhaps for an hour or so in the afternoon, but from tea-time it is virtually deserted. He even went so far as to describe, not that club alone, but all Manchester's clubs, as 'gloomy and horrible' in the evening. Save on special occasions, the old habit of dining at the club is dead, and it might even be worth considering whether there is any point in keeping some of the clubs open in the evening at all. The root of the matter is that the clubmen of to-day live too far from Manchester for an evening club life in the city to be of any use to them. They may occasionally stay on into the evening for a meeting or for a dance, but for general use the Manchester club is not handy enough to their homes.

"For the days when club life flourished in Manchester old members look back to a time when they and their fellow clubmen lived in Victoria Park, in Fallowfield, or, at the farthest, at Prestwich or Eccles. Dinner at the club, with a rubber of whist as a digestive, was in the common order of the day. Mosley Street provided the home club as well as the city one. To-day, when the motor-car and the club train take members as far away to their homes as Southport, St. Anne's, or Buxton, the club member is rarely in Manchester during the evening. Where a golf match in the old days was often followed by a return to the Manchester club for dinner, there is now altogether new provision made at the golf clubhouse, and there is no return to town when the game is over."

We are then reminded that in London the motor-car and the changed relations between men and women have been found about equally to blame for leading the young men away from the clubs, and it is ventured that this diagnosis may apply in Manchester as well. Some of the older clubs still refuse to admit women, even as visitors, for any occasion, it seems, altho others give them an occasional guest night. But if the possibility of dancing in its very fine hall was lately discust after lunch by a few members of one of the Mosley Street sanctuaries, *The Guardian* assures us that the suggestion came, and could only have come, from a visitor. Failing some readjustment of their present exclusiveness on that side, it is predicted that Manchester clubs will continue to be "lunch clubs, and little more." We read then:

"But the difficulty for the future of the old-style club life of the city is that mere lunching amenities are too little to offer the new generation in return for what must of necessity be a comparatively big subscription. As the old members pass out at the senior end of the club there is a lack of recruits at the junior end. Election to a club which will touch their lives only at that one point of luncheon is no longer the coveted privilege that it was to the young Manchester man of the last generation; and meanwhile there are other causes for decline in club memberships. If the total membership of all the golf clubs around Manchester to-day were compared with their total membership four or five years ago, the first impression would be that some hundreds of Manchester golfers must in the meantime have given up the game. It would be a misleading impression, as there are probably more people playing golf than ever; but many players who were then members of more than one club are now subscribing to one only. It is to some extent the same with Manchester's social clubs, and even old members, living at a distance, have sometimes given the preference to clubs nearer their homes.

"Meanwhile, in relation to its resources, the cost of running the city club increases. Catering for light lunches—which have grown a good deal lighter in recent years—is not a paying side of the club's business; the lunching clubman is nothing if not abstemious, and, with the disappearance of the dinner, wine-list profits are nothing like the financial stand-by they once were. Occupying valuable sites, as all the older Manchester clubs do, clubs tend to find their rates, on the modern assessment, out of all proportion to the income that their reduced activities can 'earn.' And tho the opinion is sometimes exprest that clubs are unfairly assest—as tho they should be earning what a business house could make on the same site—they are not likely to find relief in that direction. After all, if a club puts a valuable site to a 'luxury' use, it must be presumed that it can afford to pay for its own luxury—not shift the burden on to some one else. But rating, for all that, is an increasing burden on the city club under present-day conditions, and there are pessimists in Manchester, as well as in London, who prophesy the early disappearance of more than one almost historic institution."

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SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE MOTORIST'S PART IN GRADE-CROSSING ACCIDENTS

IF THERE WERE NO GRADE CROSSINGS, there would of course be no grade accidents; but the enormous expense of complete grade-crossing abolition makes its consummation practically impossible. At least, so thinks Charles E. Hill, vice-president of the National Safety Council, whose views appear in *The Nation's Traffic* (St. Louis). Mr. Hill lays the blame for most of the present-day crossing tragedies on the careless or incompetent motorist, and he strongly advises additional measures of regulation and control. He says:

"In discussing safety regulations at railroad highway crossings, we must approach the subject from a national view-point, for it has become a national problem. While the crossing-accident problem is but one of the many with which the railroads have to contend, it is no less important, and to-day is being given greater consideration by the carriers than ever before.

"From 1917 to 1926, inclusive, in the United States, there were 20,021 persons killed and 55,771 persons injured through accidents at railroad highway crossings, or an average of 2,000 deaths and 5,570 injuries per year, the increase in deaths alone during this period being 26 per cent. During 1926 there were more people killed through automobile accidents than were killed at grade crossings during the entire ten-year period. Upon the assumption that the same increase will obtain, we see history recording during the year 1936 the deaths of 65,000 men, women, and children, through automobile accidents in our streets and highways, of which less than 5 per cent. will be the result of grade-crossing accidents.

"We do not depreciate the seriousness of the crossing-accident problem. Our only purpose in making these comparisons is to undertake to focus attention on where the difficulty lies.

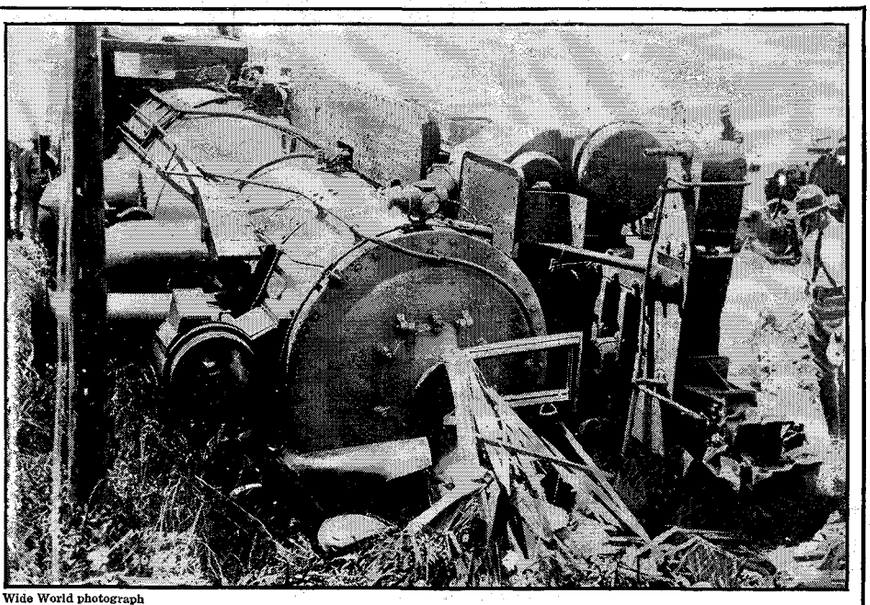
"We had in the United States at the close of 1925, 232,755 crossings at grade. It has become an acknowledged fact that a solution of this problem through crossing elimination is unthinkable, by reason of the prohibitive expense, estimated at twenty billion dollars, and the time required to perform such a stupendous task. Twenty billion dollars is a little more than our public debt.

"The gradual process of crossing elimination has been, and still is being carried on by the railroads, but in one recent year, while the railroads were eliminating 972 crossings at a cost of about 100 million dollars, 3,065 new crossings were constructed under conditions over which the railroads had no control.

"We have, in the United States, 81 per cent. of all the automobiles of the entire world. The State of Illinois, alone, has more than Germany, Italy, Spain, and Australia combined. If the rate of increase continues, we will have 40,000,000 cars by 1936, one for every four persons. The automobile is here to stay. A solution of this problem thus should include a regulation of the motor-vehicle so that it will serve the purposes for which it was intended. The automobiles play an important part in our crossing problem, for they will be involved in 90 per cent. of our crossing accidents this year.

"A large majority of crossing accidents occur in daylight where there is an unobstructed view of the approaching train, and in the locality where the driver resides; which indicates that the motorist is either so familiar with the situation that he drives on without any thought of the consequences, or he sees the train approaching and attempts to beat it over the crossing. What is of still greater moment, more than 22 per cent. of these accidents result from the automobile running into the side of the train."

About 95 per cent. of the motorists of this country Mr. Hill regards as reasonably careful. The remaining 5 per cent., however, represents a large army of more than a million reckless and incompetent drivers flitting about the country without any regard for the safety of themselves or their fellow men. They include drivers who are deaf, blind, of immature age, enfeebled by old age, those who are intoxicated, and those that are analogous to the farmer's mule. He goes on:



Wide World photograph

TWENTY THOUSAND KILLED AT GRADE CROSSINGS IN TEN YEARS

Yet while we are eliminating 1,000 grade crossings we make 3,000 new ones.

"Contrast the comparative qualifications of the driver of an automobile and the driver of a locomotive. The former as a rule needs no qualifications other than his ability to possess a car. He is not only unfamiliar with its operation and mechanism, but is wholly lacking in a knowledge of our laws governing its use on the highways. In many instances his responsibilities are such that he is weakened in his regard for the rights of others, whereas the locomotive engineer has earned his right to a seat in the cab of his engine by virtue of many years of training. He is not only familiar with its mechanism and operation, but also with the rules governing its movement over the road. His responsibilities are a part of his make-up.

"There is a joint responsibility between the railroads and the public. The railroads have a duty to perform. We must not lessen our efforts toward increased efficiency in the maintenance and protection at highway crossings, and in the manner of train operation as it applies to accidents of this character. Our every act in the discharge of our duties in this regard must carry a sincerity of purpose of such positive character as will convince the public of our real devotion to a most worthy cause. The immediate remedy lies largely in a constructive campaign of education. We must find some means to curb the reckless motorist, and at the same time make driving safe for the great majority of motorists who are careful.

"As a further aid the following suggestions are offered:

"First, see that advance warning signs are properly maintained.

"Second, require school buses and trucks carrying explosives

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or inflammable liquids to stop before passing over railroad tracks at grade, the same as is required of revenue-operated motor-vehicles.

"Third, prevent the building of unnecessary highways crossing railroad tracks.

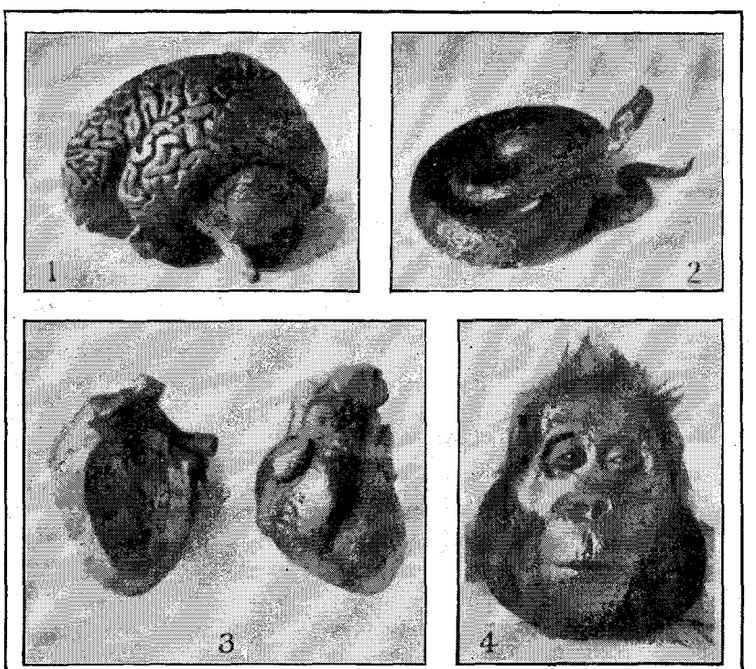
"Fourth, eliminate crossings through the rerouting of highways whenever possible.

"Fifth, eliminate obstructions to view on the highway within 500 feet of the crossing.

"Sixth, enact uniform and stringent laws in the various States requiring a proper standard of qualifications so that operators of motor-vehicles will be required to meet a mental and physical test, including penalties for violations, that have a real effectiveness.

"The carrying out of the latter suggestion, alone, would result in a marked decrease not only in crossing accidents, but also in other accidents in which automobiles are involved.

"It is our hope that all organizations and agencies, civic, political, and otherwise, that are in any manner concerned in the conservation of life and limb, and whose aid is so essential to the success of this movement, will unite in a common enterprise, and that as a result our cooperation will become more extensive, so much so, it will assume a force of such magnitude and power as will serve to wipe out this needless slaughter of human life."



SPECIMENS PRESERVED BY THE NEW PARAFFIN PROCESS

1. Human brain. 2. Boa. 3. Human heart. 4. Orang's head.

A NEW WAY OF PRESERVING ANIMALS

ZOOLOGICAL AND ANATOMICAL specimens will no longer have to be pickled in alcohol, nor will the larger creatures have to be stuffed for museum use. Plants and flowers also will not be dried and prest, but preserved in all their structural form and color. This may now be done by saturating the objects with paraffin, after subjecting them to a treatment that fixes them in their natural forms and attitudes. This process, devised and developed in a Vienna museum, is thus described by Dr. A. Gradenwitz in *La Nature* (Paris):

"Thousands of years ago, the Egyptians knew how to embalm the human body with a degree of success that we moderns have never been able to reach. Their methods have not yet been rediscovered. Exposure to dry, heated air, as practised by certain peoples, gives only primitive or mediocre results.

"On the other hand, we preserve in alcohol, as is well known, organisms, organs or parts of organs, while with plants we generally use the drying process.

"Professor Hochstetter, director of the Anatomical Institute of Vienna, with the aid of his assistant, Dr. G. Schmeidel has developed a new method which he has already employed as a teacher, and which promises to be useful in many varied ways. It enables us, in fact, to preserve any animal or vegetable body in the dry state, and with its characteristic forms perfectly intact, during a practically unlimited period.

"The objects to be preserved are first treated with a fixing liquid that penetrates them rapidly, and swiftly produces its effect, so that change of shape during the subsequent treatment is prevented. The actual process is then begun, by the use of neutral substances, such as paraffin, furnishing products that last indefinitely.

"The fresher the object is when preserved, that is to say, the greater the pains taken to begin the treatment immediately after the death of the animal, the greater the chances of perfect success. The fixing liquids are identical with those used, for example, in the technique of microscopy; their selection is governed by the coloration of the specimen, whose preservation depends on the disposition of the coloring matters in the cells of the tissues. Most of the colors are preserved exactly; others require artificial retouching.

"The animal or vegetable specimens treated by the fixation are perfectly rigid, and retain exactly their original forms and attitudes. The water that they contain is removed, after which they are placed in a paraffin solvent, whence they pass into liquefied paraffin, which they absorb throughout their entire mass. The paraffin treatment being finished, the objects are removed from the bath and the adherent paraffin is removed from the surface. The paraffin solidifies at once, giving a product of surprizing hardness. Being protected from atmospheric influences, they last indefinitely. It is impossible as yet to determine precisely the possible applications of this new process. It will always serve for the preservations of all kinds of animal forms and of organs, whether animal or human.

"Most of the present alcoholic preparations will be replaced by these paraffin products. Also animals which have hitherto been stuffed will be preserved by the new method, which protects their fur from moths. In botany, the Hochstetter method, as very extended tests demonstrate, gives us the means of preserving flowers, fungi, etc., with all their structural details."

EARLY CLOTHES WERE MOSQUITO-BARS—Primitive man and his wife first took to wearing clothes in order to keep off flies, mosquitoes, cooties, fleas, and other lively pests. This simple answer to the problem: "How did we come to wear clothes?" is advanced by Dr. Knight Dunlap, professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins University. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"'Crawling and flying pests are with primitive man abundantly and very intimately,' Dr. Dunlap points out, in a paper to appear in *The Journal of General Psychology*. Skins or cloth might be wrapt tight around the body for protection against stings and bites, but this is confining, and, in warm climates, impossible. 'Much more efficient protection is afforded by hanging strings, leaves, strip of hide, animals' tails, and similar articles so that they will flap with the movements of the wearer,' he says. 'In other words, the best fly-chasers are exactly the garments most characteristic of savages and primitive man. These afford protection without undue warmth or exclusion of ventilation. The fly protections we have customarily used on our domestic animals are exactly of the types of primitive human clothing which have baffled the early anthropologists. Ornaments such as nose rings, leg-bands of fur, peculiar haircuts, and designs tattooed in the skin were originally badges of identity, Dr. Dunlap concludes. Ornaments were, and still often are, worn to distinguish an individual as a member of a certain tribe. To the initiated, such regalia shows whether the wearer is a married man or a bachelor, how many men he has killed in battle, and how many cows he owns. There have been but four theories of the origin of clothing, the psychologist states. These are: First, the modesty theory (covering up the body); second, the immodesty theory (making the body mysterious and alluring); third, the adornment theory; and fourth, the utility or protection theory, with which Dr. Dunlap's explanation fits. 'Clothing itself is not modest, or immodest,' he says. 'Any degree of clothing, including complete nudity, is perfectly modest as soon as we become thoroughly accustomed to it.'"

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SLOTTED WINGS FOR AIRPLANE SAFETY

AVIATION MISHAPS WILL NOW BE reduced in great proportion by the invention of an automatic wing slot, reported in *Mechanical Engineering* (New York), which quotes as its informant *The Aeroplane*, a British aeronautical publication. We read:

"A big step toward the creation of the safe airplane has been made by the Handley Page automatically controlled slotted wing. Incidentally, it was only through some one's indiscretion that the information about this remarkable device leaked out.

"The slotted wing itself has been known for several years. It provides an excellent means of controlling an airplane when flying below stalling speed. The question was how to make it work best. The original idea was to use a push-and-pull control, opening and closing the wing as the case may be. This was, however, unsatisfactory, as it made the machine heavy. Then some one struck the idea that the so-called auxiliary airfoil or 'slăt' would work under stall conditions by moving forward and thus opening the slot between itself and the true leading edge of the wing. As a matter of fact, it has to do it. When the slat is pushed forward while the wing itself is held down by the tail of the machine in a stalled position, the slat becomes just an ordinary small airplane in its proper flying position. That is to say, it strives to lift. Consequently, if the slat is left hanging loose on links to flap open or shut as it likes, so long as the machine is flying with its tail up in a normal flying position, the slat, which is then a kind of false leading edge, will be pushed back against the true leading edge. As soon as the wing is stalled by shoving the tail down, the leading edge of the wing on top of which the slat is moving gets into such a position that the air flow sucks the slat up and the slot opens.

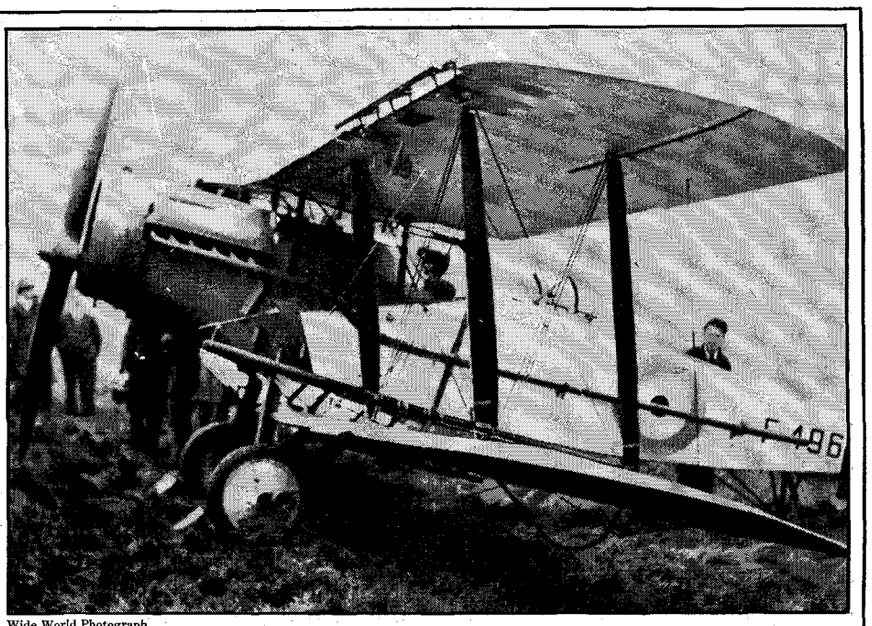
"Given a slot that opens automatically, the plane is safe. When the machine is stalled the slot is already open. When it tries to roll over to one side the pilot automatically shoves the control stick over to the other side, and the machine comes back to an even keel.

"There is, therefore, a feeling among British aeronautical engineers that with the Handley Page slot and aileron control, even the worst pilot can not get into a spin or nose dive if he stalls his machine. He may drop the machine on the ground with a bump which will push the undercarriage through the fuselage, but even then most likely the pilot will not be killed.

"In a lecture in London, on safety devices, Bramson quoted French statistics to show that of 100 airplane accidents fifty-four are due to errors of judgment and twenty-two to engine failure, and even these latter may be considered to be due to inability to land safely when something happens. Of those seventy-six fatally bad landings out of a hundred, sixty at least are fatal because in an effort to land, or in an effort to get off the ground, the pilot as well as machine either nose dives, or spins and nose dives into the ground. A device like the Handley Page slot and aileron control will eliminate the major share of these accidents.

"The earlier experimen s with interconnected slots and ailerons were comparative failures, because the slats were operated either with push-and-pull rods, or by being mounted on fore-and-aft p'ates pivoted on a long tube. All this mechanism was very heavy, and the various joints, pulleys, bell cranks, slides, and so forth were stiff to work. They made the machine heavy, and they made the controls heavy in the hand.

"But even so, the advantage of the combined slot and aileron control is so great that the Air Ministry decided to use it, simply because there was more wisdom in using an imperfect mechanism which would save life than in waiting for a perfect mechanism to be evolved—which was the mistaken policy which delayed the use of parachutes for ten years and cost hundreds of lives in the war about 1917-1918."



Wide World Photograph

THE NEW AIRPLANE "SAFETY-SLOT"

Expected to prevent air disasters due to stalling.

DENICOTINIZED TOBACCO

VARIOUS METHODS FOR ELIMINATING the nicotin from tobacco smoke and from the juice which is apt to form in pipes are described in a lecture by Dr. W. E. Dixon of the Cambridge (Eng.) Pharmacological Laboratory, reported in *The British Medical Journal* (London). A porous substance, he says, may be put into the stem of the pipe; the space for cooling and condensation may be increased, or some substance which facilitates oxidation may be placed in the bowl of the pipe. These last pipes are called catalytic, and the bowls are lined with some metallic oxid, like that of platinum, in a fine state of division. By passing tobacco smoke over it the nicotin and pyridin derivatives are decomposed. These pipes have not, however, found favor, he reports. He goes on:

"Another method of improving tobacco consists in removing some of its nicotin by means of solvents. These so-called denicotinized tobaccos have 50 per cent. or more of their nicotin removed, and have been regarded, therefore, by physicians as relatively harmless, at all events as far as their nicotin is concerned. Unfortunately this is not the case, because it has been shown that these denicotinized cigars yield in their smoke as much nicotin as was present in the same class of cigar before denicotinization.

"Improved methods of removing the nicotin are, however, now being experimented with abroad. Boxes of cigarets and tobaccos in various forms are treated with superheated steam; by this means practically the whole of the nicotin is said to be removed, and the tobacco is left nicotin-free; the nicotin has a ready sale for agricultural purposes. I have had no opportunity, however, of experimenting with these products.

"Tobacco is a substance foreign to the body, and its alkaloid is poisonous. I am not suggesting that tobacco should be guaranteed to contain not more than a specified amount of nicotin, in the same way as spirits are standardized for alcohol; but as tobacco is similar to alcoholic beverages, in that excess of both leads to serious results, the public should have some sort of guidance or protection. It is almost certain, for example, that it is the moistness of the tobacco which is indirectly responsible for many of its most serious effects; that the pyridin derivatives are largely responsible for morning cough, which leads later to chronic bronchitis and cardiac failure. These are conditions which at least are capable of improvement. The Ministry of Health, which has already done much for providing pure foods of a certain, standard, will, I hope, before long see in tobacco an important factor in the public health."

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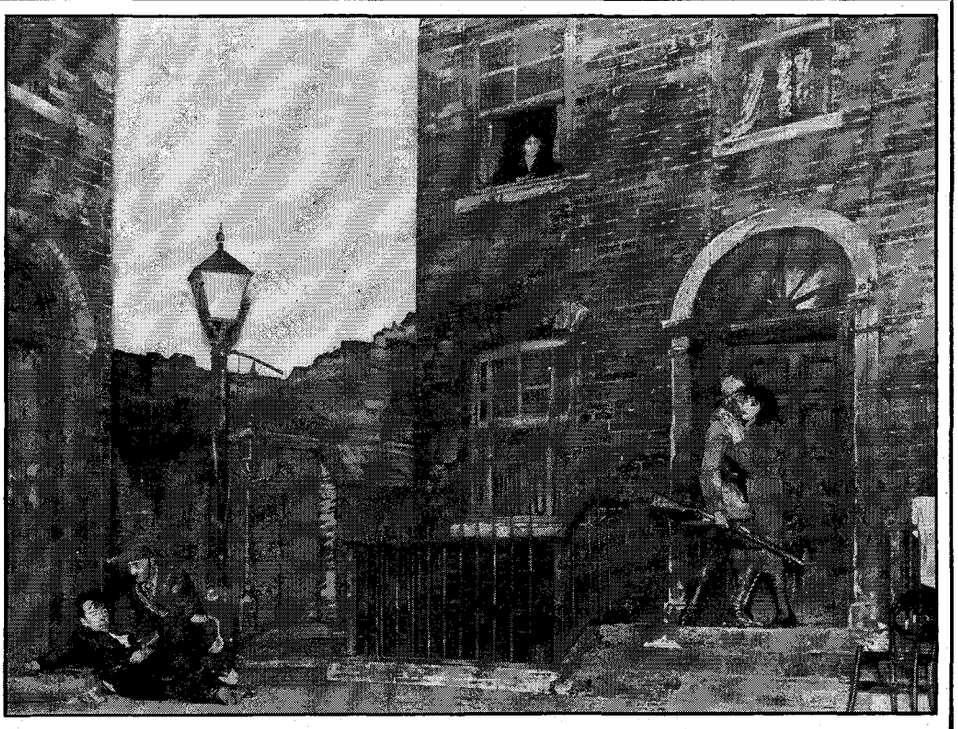
LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

IRISH PLAYERS AMUSE AND IRRITATE

WHETHER THE IRISH AUDIENCE for the Abbey Players have improved in amiability or the Abbey Players have grown less provocative was not entirely settled when the new Irish playwright, Sean O'Casey, was presented at the Hudson Theater, New York, in the medium of his latest play, "The Plough and the Stars." In 1911 the first act of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" was rendered completely inaudible by flying missiles, coughs from stink-balls, and the shuffling of ejected malcontents. The play conquered, however. O'Casey's play reached us with an even greater reputation as a troublemaker. Dublin audiences had fought with the actors on the stage and the poet Yeats brought about peace, so it is reported, in such words as these:



SCENE OF WAR IN A DUBLIN SLUM

Fine old Georgian houses of the Eighteenth Century, now fallen on evil days, form the background. A victim of street-fighting lies at the left, *Mrs. Clitheroe* seeks to hold back her husband from danger, while from the window above *Bessie Burgess* (Sara Allgood) taunts the insurgents by singing "Rule Britannia."

"You have disgraced yourselves again! Is this to be an ever-recurring celebration of the arrival of Irish genius? . . . The news of this will go from country to country. You have once more rocked the cradle of a reputation. The fame of O'Casey is born to-night. This is apotheosis."

New York did not attempt to repeat its old ill-manners; certain dissidents permitted themselves discreet hisses, and maybe an audible protest, but no one needed police discipline. Yet Mr. O'Casey has attempted to spare no feelings in presenting his Dublin slum-dwellers in the guise he knew them when poverty made him a companion of their hardships. The play centers around the Easter rebellion of 1916. O'Casey has written three plays depicting the incidents of that heated time in Dublin. "To some they present the irony of civil warfare," says "R. S.," critic of the *Wall Street Journal*, "to others they appear as unpatriotic, as slurs on the Irish temper, Irish womanhood, and Irish ideals." The critic continues:

"It is not one's duty or intention to take sides in any issue but merely to judge the play in hand as a piece of theatrical fare.

"As such, in a poetic manner, with a rich vein of native humor, 'The Plough and the Stars' tells the human tragedy of a newly wed couple at the outbreak of the 1916 rebellion. This wife destroyed the orders sent her husband to stand ready to serve, hence the command that he lead an attack on Dublin Castle came as a complete surprize.

"During the demonstrations held in the public square, vivid sidelights on the general feeling are obtained in a neighboring public house while a year later, outside the tenements, there is constant battle. The young wife seeking her husband is brought back home, as a drunken old female fruit vendor stirs up strife singing 'Rule Britannia' and plunders broken shop windows. The young husband in course of duty passes the house, refusing his wife's pleas that he stay with her, whereupon she breaks down and has to be dragged out of the streets to safety.

"A few days later, with trouble everywhere, this fruit vendor rises to the occasion. In her garret room is the coffin of a girl who died of consumption, while on the floor sit four men dodging the alternative of battle outside; also here is the young wife entirely out of her mind and ignorant of the death of her husband. A shot through the window kills the old fruit vendor and as the Tommies take possession and pour themselves some tea, one hears the soldiers outside lustily singing, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.'

"This play is a strange mixture of political feeling in its theme and quiet low comedy in its characters. Vague and disjointed, each act ends on an ironic note in the cause of the civil strife, not on a situation in the plot itself; yet in spite of long florid speeches and an inclination toward bitter propaganda, the play is constantly interesting.

"The gallery on the opening night took violent offense at scenes in which two women fought, and at many remarks by a woman of the streets, not realizing these characters are individuals rather than generalized attacks on the womanhood of Ireland. The entire action is arguments, rows, fights, and counter-fights in which all participate."

Mr. O'Casey's "savage belittlement of futile wars for independence spreads its pity and laughter over all the troubled scene," comments Mr. Hammond of *The Herald Tribune*, adding:

"It shows you the minor Irish at their best and worst, angelic

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now, ignoble then, and always interesting. They speak a rough, poetic lingo more cloddish than the luscious verse of Mr. Synge's dreaming people, vivid, musical, and violent. And when such harpists as Miss Allgood, Miss O'Neill, Mr. Sinclair, and the other Irish Players sound its earthy cadences the human ear is able to enjoy itself. Mr. O'Casey is enough of an Irish showman to add a little hokum to his otherwise relentless history, and its cruel processes are softened now and then by cunning applications of theatrical rouge. Even the meanest of his characters sometimes flames up in stagy bonfires of nobility, reminding us that we are in a Broadway theater as well as in a Dublin tenement. Excepting those legitimate tricks, 'The Plough and the Stars' is an honest, merciless, tragic, and humorous poem. And it is acted completely by players who understand it, and who are able to translate it brutally and tenderly into the terms of the theater."

To get a taste of the racy speech of these tenement-dwellers, take the compliments flung at each other by *Mrs. Burgess* and *Mrs. Gogan* as they come face to face for a more drastic encounter with fists:

Mrs. Gogan (plunging into the center of the floor in a wild tempest of hysterical rage and answering *Mrs. Burgess's* aspersions against her wedding ring)—"Y'oul rip of a blasted liar, me weddin' ring's been well-earned be twenty year' be th' side o' me husband, now takin' his rest in heaven, married to me be Father Dempsey in th' Chapel of St. Jude's in th' Christmas week of eighteen hundhred and ninety-five. . . . An' that's more than some o' you can say that are kep' from th' dread of desthruction be a few drowsy virtues that th' first whisper o' temptation lulls into a sleep that'll know one sin from another only on th' day of their last anointin', and that use th' innocent light o' th' shinin' stars to dip into th' sins of a night's diversion."

Mrs. Burgess (jumping out to face *Mrs. Gogan* and bringing the palms of her hands together in sharp claps to emphasize her remarks)—"Liar to you, too, ma'am, y'oul hardened threspasser on other people's good nature, wizenin' up your soul in th' arts of dodgeries, till every dhrop of respectability in a female is dhried up in you, lookin' at your ready-made maneuverin' with th' menkind!"

Mrs. Gogan—"Fluther, leggo! I'm not goin' to keep an unresistin' silence an' her scatterin' her festerin' words in me face, stirrin' up every dhrop of decency in a respectable female, with her restless rally o' lies that would make a saint say his prayer backwards! . . . Here, houl' th' kid one o' yous; houl' th' kid for a minute. There's nothin' for it but to show this lassie a lesson or two!" [They come together.]

THE COVER—Andrea del Sarto is known as "the faultless painter." Perhaps the best biography of him is to be looked for in Robert Browning's poem bearing his name. It skips the facts which any one can read in a biographical dictionary but it gives the soul of the man defeated of life's highest achievement through his insane devotion to a worthless wife. She was very handsome and appears in many a picture of her lover husband who constantly painted her as a Madonna; and even when attempting the portraiture of other women they were made to resemble Lucretia in general type. If we trust Vasari, who has the reputation of being something of a scandalmonger, she was faithless, jealous, overbearing, and vixenish. Browning makes Michelangelo describe the young Andrea to Rafael: "Friend, there is a certain sorry little scrub Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how, Who, were he set to plan and execute As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings, Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!" And Andrea recalls this saying to his wife, as he sits in the twilight, ruminating on his failure and trying to dissuade her from one of the gay parties which she is impatient to join. He accepts her defection, as he accepts his failure of the highest achievement, with a settled complacence. As he gazes on a picture by Rafael he tells her how he could draw it better, correct the faulty arm, "but all the play, the insight and the stretch—out of me, out of me!" Perhaps we shall see Lucretia in the figure of the Madonna which we represent. Andrea del Sarto was born in 1486 and died in 1531. At the time of the interview pictured by Browning he was left in Florence while Rafael and Michelangelo had been summoned to Rome. Yet he was the last important master of the Renaissance group in this city by the Arno.

"PENAL" SCHOOLDAYS OF "G. B. S."

IT TOOK A LARGE VOLUME for one of our countrymen to describe "The Education of Henry Adams." "G. B. S." has revealed his schooldays in answers to a questionnaire set by the editor of *The Schoolmistress* (London). The full confession may be found in the issue for November 17, if that paper comes to this side. But some of the raciest of the answers are printed in

DIVIDING THE SPOILS AFTER LOOTING

When Dublin was in the throes of the Easter uprising the stores were open to free looting. *Mrs. Burgess* (Sara Allgood) and *Mrs. Gogan* (Maire O'Neill), in O'Casey's play, are at odds over the division.

the London *Daily Chronicle*, and a perusal of them may furnish the present-day schoolmaster with reason for thanks that schools as well as times have changed. Also those who carry an independent spirit like the famous Irish wit may find some of his own unexprest sentiments set to music. Here they are:

"*What was your favorite subject at school? Has this, or some other subject, influenced you most in your after-school life?*

"I had no favorite subject. No subject was made interesting to me. My interests, which were keen, lay outside that dreary prison.

"*Would you like to have your schooldays over again?*

"Good God, NO! Would anybody like to serve a sentence of penal servitude twice over? But, then, my home was not a prison. The boys who liked school dreaded their parents more than their teachers.

"*Did you find examinations a source of anxiety?*

"Not in the least. I never prepared for them, and could not understand the boys who did. I instinctively saved my brains from destruction by resolute idleness, which, however, made school tedious and meaningless to me.

"*Is the modern freedom better for the child than the old-time discipline?*

"I don't know. In the schools I attended there was neither freedom nor discipline. They told you to learn lessons and sit quiet, and hit you, or kept you in if you didn't do it. They did not even hit you hard enough to matter. Clearly that was not real discipline.

"*Where does the education of to-day fail in your opinion?*

"Because it is only a disguise for relieving parents of the worry of children by caging them and taming them like wild animals, mostly by cruel methods, and because it ends in Latin verse, which is only a vested interest in torture.

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"To what extent, if any, should the education of the modern girl differ from that of the modern boy?

"Not at all in the compulsory stages (all boys should be taught to mend their clothes and cook); but in the voluntary stages the sexes should find their own differentiation.

"What can the nation reasonably expect to get for its expenditure on education?

"At present the moral and intellectual imbecility, the illiteracy of pen and speech, that it actually does get. With a reasonable, sincere and really available system of education the nation might reasonably expect to become educated after a generation or two."

"The two 'earliest literary sensations' of the boy George Bernard Shaw were 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and 'The Arabian Nights.'"

WHITHER TRENDS OUR "EDUCATION MANIA"?

OVER SIX HUNDRED MILLION is said to be invested in our educational institutions, but the results therefrom induce a kind of pessimism in the hearts of some of our leaders. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University, is reported by *The Herald Tribune* as saying at the annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents in New York, that altho millions were expended on education, "nowhere else is education so pointless and aimless, so blind in its objectives, so indifferent to any specific outcome, as in America." This is all that was reported of the famous educator's speech, and he may have said something to mitigate this harsh judgment. But on the same evening another educator went even further. Dr. Edward A. Steiner, professor of Sociology at Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa, is quoted by the same paper as having stirred the members of the Foreign-Language Information Service at a dinner by asserting that "education in this country is creating snobbishness, which may be more destructive than ignorance, and is propagating prejudices in the college campus 'as thick as beggar's lice in a run-down pasture.'" He goes on to show how education has proved ineffective:

"It has intensified class consciousness; it has made young men and women snobbish who have nothing to be snobbish about. The college campus is full of prejudices. In most cities the university club is as democratic and socially effective as the Union League Club would be married to the Colonial Dames. Education has given information but little illumination. It furnishes power, but no light, and the power may be more destructive than the unharnessed power of ignorance."

If these two utterances touch the depths of pessimism to which our leaders in education have fallen, their works must be better than their faith, for an English observer declares that while the future is veiled as to what the United States will "graduate," he is certain "that she will be mistress of the situation." It is Mr. P. W. Wilson who is giving the readers of the London *Sphere* some impressions of America as a land obsessed by an "education mania." Speaking of this land in comparison with England, where, he says, the number of students at colleges and universities is one in about 760 inhabitants, whereas in the United States it is one to 220 inhabitants, he points some further differences:

"The ideal of education is different. With us it is a pursuit of knowledge, and, I suppose, of character. In the United States knowledge and character belong to the more comprehensive pursuit of happiness. Education is, or ought to be, a detail in coeducation.

"There are, of course, numerous colleges reserved solely for men or solely for women. But that separation of the sexes is merely a form of prohibition. Dances, proms, afternoons at football, week-ends—all these are aids to a fuller understanding of life. The hardships endured by poorer students are forgotten when, to the glories of Aristotle and the *Principia* of Newton, there are added the two-step and the ice-cream under the soft light of an academic hall.

"What will be the result of withdrawing so many lives from rough labor paid by the week, time alone will show. To some extent the development of brain is saving labor. For instance, there is now advertised a mechanical man, worked by radio-electricity, which performs many duties hitherto reserved for our racial intelligence, and it is very possible that farming on a scale unimagined, even in Somersetshire, may transform the countryside into an organized industry with the usual overhead.

"Even athletics are coming under the authority of the mind. Football players receive an hour a day of instruction at the blackboard, and many a man with mere muscle has been thrown out for the sake of a strategist who uses the inside also of his head. The danger is, of course, that the student merely receives instruction instead of learning how to instruct himself.

"There was a country that believed, some thousands of years ago, that it could achieve everything by education. That country was China.

"The question is not what education is to-day in the United States. Education here is still an experiment. The question is, what will be the stereotype of this education three thousand years hence when all the fluctuations have frozen into rigid conventions.

"What China has graduated is the mandarins. What England graduates is the country parson, the Indian Civil Servant, Lord Oxford, and Bishop Barnes. What, ultimately, will the United States graduate? I do not know, but I am certain that she will be the mistress of the situation."

"SURE, THERE'S NOTHING DEROGATORY"

With this catchword for all occasions, *Fluther Good* (Arthur Sinclair) meets any emergency in O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars."

The election of thirty-two new Rhodes scholars brings out from Dr. Frank Aydelotte, American Secretary of the Rhodes Trustees, a more hopeful view of the Rhodes alumni than appeared in our issue of December 17. Some, he says, "have reached national and in cases international eminence." In the New York *Times* we read:

"Among Rhodes scholars Dr. Aydelotte enumerated forty-three full professors, a dozen educational executives, nine college deans, two or three preparatory school heads, three officers of educational foundations, thirty leading lawyers, six prominent physicians, eight in the ministry, five in important government positions, including the Federal Commissioner of Education, six in politics, four in journalism, twelve successful in business, a small number in publishing and a few in literary work."

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

WHY THE CLERGY ARE RESTLESS

THE CLERGY DON'T WANT UTOPIA—they know they will never be able to find it; but they would like to get out of hell, says one of them, who himself, we are told, has not seen the nethermost pit, but knows clerical brethren who are only too well acquainted with it. Strange words, we may think, for a minister to utter; but not far from the truth, we may agree, when we read what he has to say. The Church still requires martyrs — martyrs in spirit and sometimes starved and broken bodies, too. At this season of the year it may not be amiss to think of those whose mission it is to preach the Gospel of love and good cheer, but who sometimes receive little of either from the outside world.

What is this hell, and what are the conditions which make the clergy so restless, as they are said to be, and their lives almost unendurable? First, writes Dr. Percy T. Fenn in *The North American Review*, is the scanty wage. "The overwhelming majority of the clergy get scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. They find it impossible to live as decently as the average member of the flock they serve." Dr. Fenn, an Episcopal minister, is not one, we are told, to be classed among those to be pitied; but he is emphatic in his appeal for those in less happy state. In the household of his own faith he finds that divergencies of belief and teaching also cause restlessness among the wearers of the cloth. There are few Fundamentalists among the Episcopalians, he says; but the Episcopal Church is divided into "High," "Low," and "Broad," and wo betide the minister who gets into the wrong pulpit. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and others, know what they believe, and they teach it. But of his own church, says Dr. Fenn: "We know what we believe, but many of us teach it at our peril. But if the church has a creed, why should not her clergy be allowed to teach it, and to teach it uniformly throughout the church? If she has a ceremonial to symbolize that teaching, why should not the clergy be permitted to practise it, and be protected by those in authority when they do?" Another cause of restlessness among the clergy of all denominations, says Dr. Fenn, is the changed conditions and methods of work and worship, and he tells us:

"In former times men and women went to church to worship God. Now they go, largely, to be entertained. And often, the greater the clerical mountebank, the larger the congregation. The parish, in many instances, has degenerated into a club, and what the people want is not a spiritually minded leader, to whom they may go with their sins and their sorrows; but a real, live manager to gather in the crowd, and the money. A clergyman wrote me recently: 'We have made efficiency, organization, and "pep" our gods, and standardization and methods our sub-gods. Even in the church "hustle" and "go" predominate, and the parish priest who is not on the move, who does not hustle and devise something for his people to do—God save the mark!—is not on his job. Just as long as the church is the home of prosperous, complaisant, more or less well-to-do Babbitts, just so long will the Cross be crossed with the dollar mark.' And what he says is pathetically true, as hundreds of us know from experience.

"The final cause of restlessness that occurs to me is the inability of the Church to employ those of her clergy who have come to middle age. The tendency of the Church to-day is to scrap her older men, or men who have reached their prime and have family responsibilities. In other words, the Episcopal and other churches are doing what no business concern would dare to do—luring the finest type of men to give the best years of their life, practically without reward, and then scrap them in middle life! And no church can stay alive which continues to do this inhuman thing.

"Now these are some very plain and simple reasons for the restlessness of the clergy, and they call for serious consideration and drastic treatment. If we are to do the work required of us, and do it happily, something must be done by those in authority. A set of disgruntled, restless, heart-broken clergy will never be able to inspire the people they serve, or gather in the unchurched. And our spiritual rulers ought to be keen enough to see this. Much of the seething discontent of the clergy is unknown save to themselves; they discuss it with each other, but not with their superiors. Some of them have reached the *breaking-point; many of them* absolutely refuse to encourage young men to offer themselves for the work of the ministry because of what they themselves have had to suffer, and are still suffering."

It is not with a heart boiling over with his own personal wrongs that he writes, says Dr. Fenn, but—

"I am speaking for the overwhelming majority of the clergy of all denominations, who have been less fortunate than I. I know how they are suffering, and how bitterly they resent these sufferings as altogether needless. They started out with hopefulness and enthusiasm, only to find that a man can not be free unless he be a genius. He is compelled by his official board to speak the shibboleths which they deliver to him, and he soon finds himself trammeled and handicapped, and shorn of every shred of independence he possest. A man of pluck, independent spirit and originality is crippled, bedeviled and anathematized. The average parish wants a safe, conservative man, who will let things be as he finds them, and not worry the people about their sins. And these are the men who get, and keep, our large parishes.

"But this is not Christianity, and it can never be. And our clergy know it, and they are eating their very hearts out. Kindness, loyal affection and whole-souled cooperation in the things that make for righteousness in a community are rarely found among the members of the parish. A clergyman has as many bosses as he has members, and many of them are hard, domineering, and unkind.

"The wonder is not only that men can be found to enter the ministry, but that those who are in will consent to remain where they are! There is only one explanation—these men have a reservoir of joy of which the world knows nothing. But the world outside should not permit these worthy men to be so tortured. If the unchurched can do nothing else, they should cover with opprobrium the people who are guilty of it."

Summarizing, Dr. Fenn says that if the restlessness and misery

THE OXEN

By Thomas Hardy

From the Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy, By courtesy of the Macmillan Co., Publishers

CHRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the clock.
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek, mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If some one said on Christmas Eve,
"Come, see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

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of the clergy are to disappear, a sufficient living must be provided for them. They must have intellectual and spiritual freedom, and, speaking of his own church, he says that there must be a better system of promotion. As things are now, "riches and social position are the dominant factors, not consecration, eloquence, ability or brains, in securing a priest a call to any but the poor mission stations." Also more adequate provision must be made for the older clergy who are unable to secure remunerative employment. In conclusion:

"The world needs brave, self-sacrificing men to-day as much as—perhaps more than—ever before in its history. At its best, it is a call to the heroic, the adventurous, the unselfish. Our young men who possess these qualities in their fulness will respond to this call if the Church will do her duty, and provide for and protect them. If she should fail in this, her doom is sure, for the handwriting is already upon the wall."

GIFTS

By Louise Webster

THREE wise men to a little Boy
Brought frankincense and myrrh
And gold, a costly offering,
But no gift came to her
That winter's night, from shepherd
Or from eastern traveler.

For it was hers to give, to give
Life to her little Son,
And to mankind more than was given
Since all time had begun;
She was to give, from Bethlehem,
Till Calvary's hour was done.

—*The Catholic World* (*New York*).

CLOTHES AND THE WORKING-GIRL

THE POOR WORKING-GIRL whom, in the words of Marie Dressler's immortal song, heaven will protect, is still in bond to economy and a slave, if a voluntary one, to fashion. She must eat, have a place to sleep, and wear clothes—not just clothes, but apparel that will attract the eye and help her to hold her job when she gets a good one. Yet more than one-third of the self-supporting girls living in residence clubs in New York City earn annually less than $1,000, according to a statistical study, and Professor Lillian H. Locke, instructor in household arts at Teachers College, Columbia, says "it is practically impossible for a girl to meet her daily needs as to clothing and keep her health up to par on less than $200 a year." The statistical study was made by Mrs. Freda J. Gerwin Winning, head of the Department of Textiles and Clothing of New York University, and the report was presented to the Association to Promote Proper Housing for Girls, which met recently in New York, by Miss Locke.

Clothing costs, according to the report, as quoted in the New York *Times*, vary with the earnings, the percentage increasing with the salaries. Those earning $780 a year spend $145, or 18 per cent., for clothing; those earning $1,148 spend $215, or 19 per cent., and those earning $1,625 spend $421, or 26 per cent. Forty-three occupations were represented, the major groups being stenographers, clerks, teachers, and dressmakers. The ages ranged from fifteen to fifty. Silk hosiery is worn by almost all, less than one-half of 1 per cent. admitting that they use cotton and wool. Cosmetics, bobs, and perfumes form a considerable item in the budgets of the 150 average working-girls who were studied. About one-fourth of the group spend more than $40 a year for beauty, and one in every five wears a fur coat. "Girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five have a right to look forward to matrimony," Miss Locke said. "Clothes go a long way to help her, and I'm afraid if she looks too dowdy in this day, she will never get there. Girls must look smart. Their employers want them to, and should pay them enough to be smart." Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, vice-president of the association, said that the working girl's morals and attitude toward life are affected by her environment. "She will not sacrifice clothes. Her job and social life, perhaps her whole future, depend upon her ability to present an attractive appearance, and she knows it. Many girls cut on food, being willing to endure any hardship to keep up appearances; others, with less pride, sacrifice housing, living under the most deplorable conditions, because they realize the importance of food in keeping fit."

Commenting on the amount spent for clothing, the Newark *Evening News* thinks it "perfectly all right," and asks:

"Who puts up a braver fight against the handicap of poverty than the girls one sees in thousands going to work in offices and stores and factories? There is gay defiance in their silk stockings, their cheap furs, their indomitable ability to make a $14.95 dress look like something from the specialty shops. Feminists may fulminate, but girls have not changed much in the last few centuries—the ultimate object is the trapping of the male.

"How else can this be done unless one has pretty dresses? What is more, many employers demand a snappy appearance; it is one of the requisites for getting ahead. The dowdy girl loses out both ways. So in her public appearances the vast majority of girls do the best they can, even to soda-fountain dinners and patched shoes. Was it Baudelaire who wrote that tender little verse about the poet who let his stomach remain empty to buy a posy of violets?"

The fact is, of course, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, that dress in the case of the self-supporting young woman does not properly belong among living expenses. Rather, we read:

"It belongs among outlays for the business of getting a husband, perhaps, and in any case for the business of getting and keeping a position. Suitors and employers have the reputation of looking with more favor on a fur coat and garments in keeping therewith than on a faded old coat of cloth, cotton stockings, and sensible but unattractive shoes.

"Strictly speaking, one supposes that the pursuit of matrimony does not come under the head of self-support, since a woman definitely intending to support herself all her life would not need to worry her head about the matter. But the getting and keeping of a position does very definitely form a part of the business of self-support, since most women who earn their livelihood gain it in salaries or wages."

THE BIBLE FOR THE BALUBAS—Already translated into more languages than any other book, the Bible has now been translated into the language of the Balubas, one of the largest tribes in Central Africa, by the Rev. T. C. Vinson, a Southern Presbyterian missionary. Of this missionary's plodding toil in a far land, *The Presbyterian Banner* tells us:

"After perfecting his knowledge of the Baluba language, Mr. Vinson spent more than a year in the translation. Then the Belgian Government objected to certain forms of the work, and he spent another year in revision. After long months of correcting proofs, several thousand copies of the Bible will be sent to the American Presbyterian Congo Mission for the natives. These were long years of hard toil that produced this translation, and many a man of the world would have said what a useless and thankless task it was. What good will it do? Do these African tribes have anything we want? Will they buy our goods and enlarge our markets? Are they not ignorant and dirty and degraded humans, and why should a man work five years to give them a book that will bring no profit? So many a man of narrow horizon and blinded spiritual vision would think and say. But that lonely missionary, hid in that far African forest, lives in a larger world than trade and profits, even in the spiritual world of eternal life that has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come. He has the thrill of letting the light into one of the darkest places on the earth, and enlarging the area of a better world. About eight hundred translations of the Bible in whole or in part have now been made, and thus the links are lengthening that will bring the entire human family into the brotherhood of the kingdom of Christ and bind the whole world with gold chains about the feet of God."

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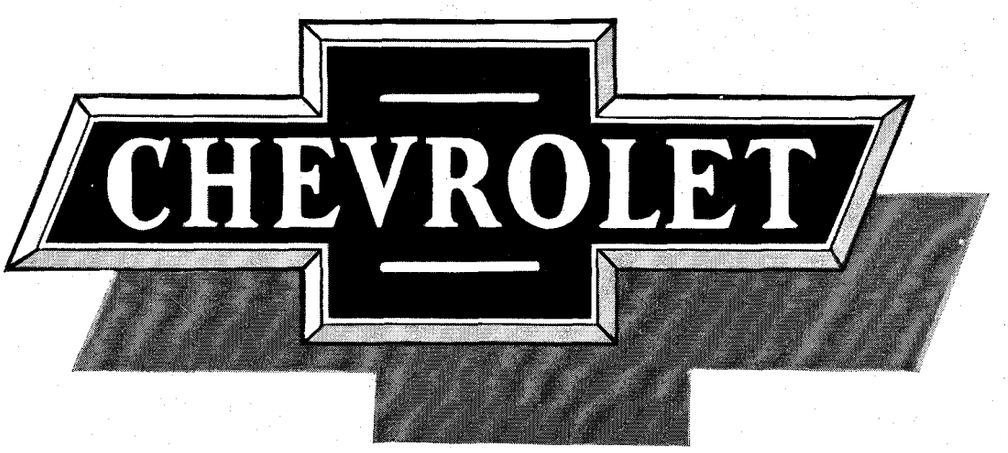

SEEN and recognized wherever the trails of civilization run, this famous trade-mark typifies a policy to which Chevrolet has steadfastly adhered throughout the years.

That policy can be expressed in a few brief words:

To build an automobile of the finest possible quality to sell at a low price... To engage the ablest engineering talent... To draw on the tremendous resources of General Motors... To utilize all the economies of immense purchasing ability and gigantic volume—and thus to produce a car truly modern in design, satisfying in performance, sturdy, staunch, and dependable, yet so low in price that it is within the reach of the great majority of people.

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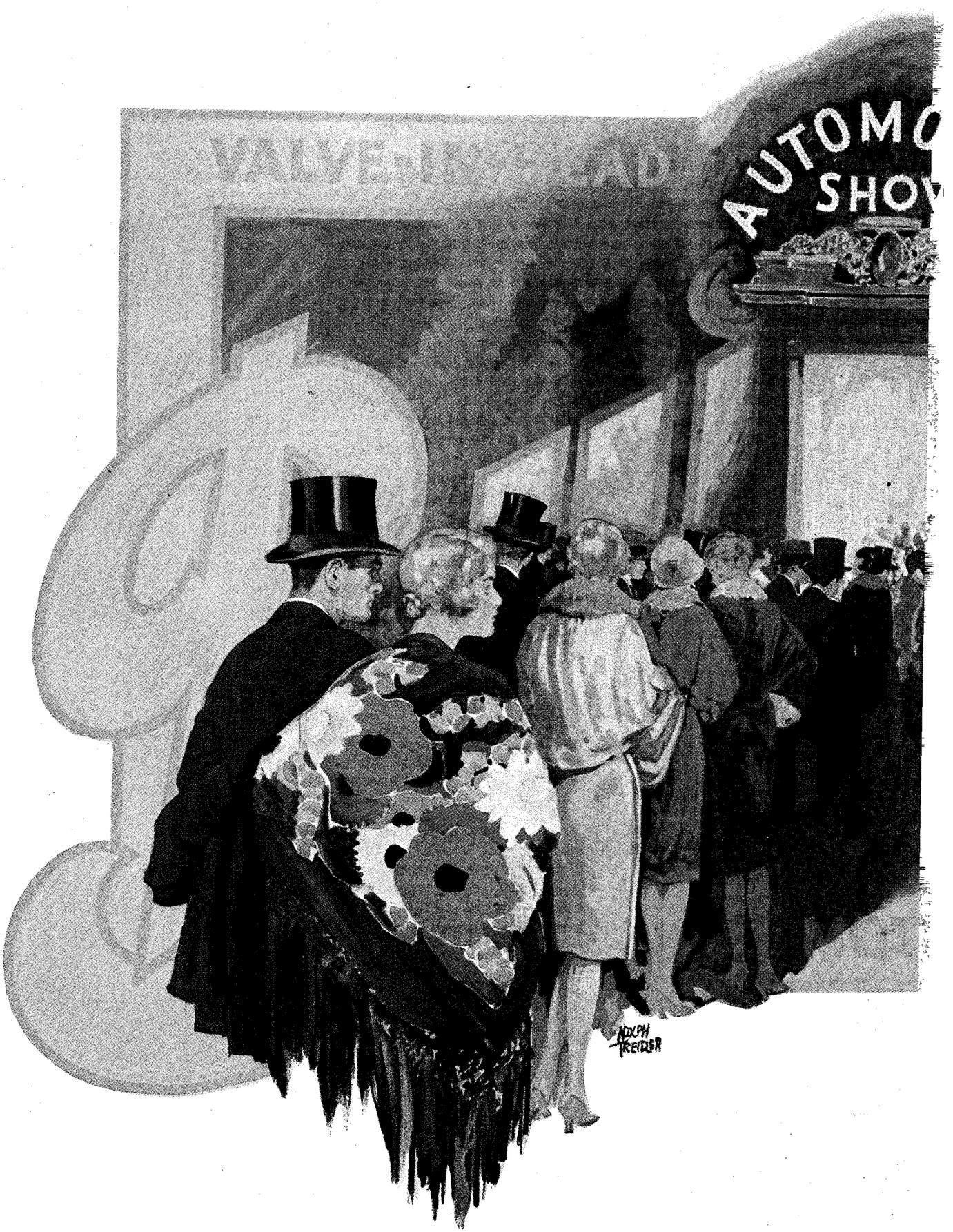

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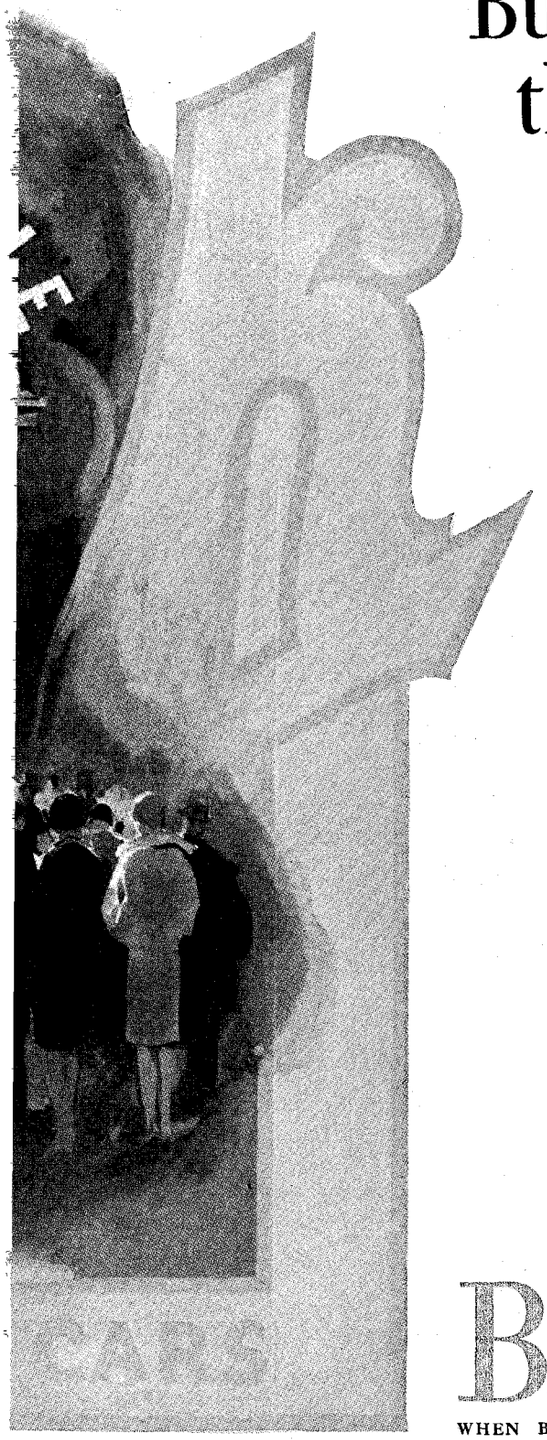

When Buick *improves* upon Buick the standard for the year is set

MILLIONS will attend the great national Automobile Shows of 1928. And millions will leave them with two definite conclusions—

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VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

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THE thirty-one short years that formed the life-span of Franz Schubert witnessed the greatest outpouring of melody that ever welled within a human heart. Songs, operas, symphonies . . . music in every form flowed from him in a bright and lovely stream. Into the classic forms he breathed a spirit of romance, a wistful, tender note of lyric beauty. He died as he had lived, in poverty, with a song on his lips.

After his death an unfinished Symphony in B Minor was found among his effects. It proved to be a work of the first importance—broadly and nobly conceived, brimming with marvelous melodies. For a hundred years it has delighted concert audiences. Now it has been newly recorded on Victor Red Seal Records Nos. 6663-4-5 by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. In every way it is a musical achievement, which all true music-lovers will wish to enjoy.

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VICTOR *Red Seal* RECORDS

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

PROFESSOR ERSKINE has apparently not solved all the questions concerning Helen of Troy, and perhaps even she would find it beyond her powers to answer this one that we read in the University of California *Chronicle:*

QUESTIONING HELEN

By Virginia Stait

There are so many centuries across,
  From your still dust to all my throbbing flesh,
That solitude may not hold now as loss
  One thing you owned, that my heart would enmesh.
What magic held the love you lightly won,
  Beyond your wondrous bloom, your promised faith,
Held thirty armies, eager, not yet done,
  Till knights today have sworn unto your wraith!

I would but ask the way one love to keep,
  The love that now forgetfulness assaults;
For I would die for lavishness as deep
  As love of yours, not named by stones and vaults.
There are so many centuries—oh, tell
  What conquest of a heart will ever last?
For grief remembers through memorial hell,
  But love, by upturned sod, disowns its past.

THE gospel of tree-preservation can not be too much strest; agencies are at work on many sides for indiscriminate destruction, despite the terrible example of Southern Italy and Greece. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says:

THE TREE LOVER

By Kalfus Kurtz Gusling

If you love a tree, we are brothers!
All over the world, there are others
Who love many things: azure sea,
Or a robin-redbreast, or a bee
That's drowsing above the white clover.
There are lovers always, the world over.

But lovers of trees stand apart,
For trees strike down deep in the heart.
A man or a dog, we may help without end,
But a tree, living beauty, is ours to defend.
If you love a tree, in your heart is a shrine,
For the love of a tree is a love half divine.

A HARD judgment, perhaps, on a young-old face—a thing we are apt to prize as proof of cheating the years. *Poetry* (Chicago) prints it:

ON MEETING A LADY

By Charles L. O'Donnell

It was surprising, after all the years,
  To see how very little you had lost
Of all the things that made you, though one fears
  You kept them somewhat to your cost.

To this sufficiency one had preferred
  The faint uncertainties that lace a brow
Existence puzzled; if you had been stirred
  By life, you must be different now.

No pathos of surrender, and no pride
  Of winning have contributed their grace
To touch you; while the world has lived and died
  No hint of this is in your face.

Only intactness, a self-sheltered peace,
  As if you would not let life have its say.
Poorer, I think, I find you now for these,
  The things you would not cast away.

THIS is a far cry from Walter Pater's famous description of the enigmatic lady of the Louvre; but *The American Poetry Magazine* (Wauwatosa, Wis.) would perhaps have us believe that the meaning of a picture is in the eye of the onlooker:

MONA LISA

By Mary Woodson Goodson

O tender, holy, gracious smile!
  O, smile supernal!
Thou knowest Him, the Lord of life and death
  And life eternal.

He dwells in thee and evermore from out thine eyes
Shall shine compassion, peace and love; revealing heavenly ties.

He dwells in thee and evermore thy speaking lips
Shall spell their message to the world in mystic scripts.

He dwells in thee and evermore from folded hands
Comes power for good, O, womanhood, Obey thy Lord's commands.

And, listening, woman thou canst hear the music faint:
Most ravishing to mortal ears—communion saint with saint!

MR. O'CONNOR is no doubt true to the old song writer, but the taste of the old writer was not as sensitive as that of some of us, so we take the liberty of omitting a few lines; but the beauty is all here from *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin):

AN OLD SONG REWRITTEN

By Frank O'Connor

Five days I lay dead
In the wild hills
Over Valley Desmond,
My clay mixed in their clay,
My bones grown
Into the grey rocks among the heather.

And yet I dreamed,
For when you came that way
I saw you with my eyes
As if they were the earth
And you the skies,
As if they were the sea
And you the light;
I saw you with my eyes,
And nothing else was there,
And neither sound nor fragrance in that air;
And in me not a sense
But sight,
No stir
But the stir of delight
That welled to the eyes
As if two mountain springs
From the grave mountain's trance
Poured through me into light.

Five days I lay dead,
And five times I knew you
Away on the hills.
One day in the silence
I saw you go by me;
One day in the darkness
Your voice echoed through me;

* * * * *

And oh, I was wakeful
Those nights for your beauty
When my bones were the rocks
And my body the fields!

DOES *The Spectator* (London) imply that nature is lacking in foresight?

THE LOST MAMMALIAN EYE

By Thomas Thornely

When Nature sifted out our eyes
From cruder visual stuff,
She felt a troubling doubt arise
If two would prove enough.

So, on the head's unfeatured rear,
A *third incipient eye*
Was added, soon to disappear,—
Why? Ye Darwinians! Why?

How came that proudly prescient Mind
To strangle at its birth
A form that, functioning behind,
Had vast "survival-worth"?

When chased about where motors meet
And Death stands gaping by,
I mourn, while terror clogs my feet,
That lost aborted Eye.

Had not blind folly cancelled it,
Life had been still astir
Where now the questing jury sit
Around their coroner.

THIS writer, tho a business woman, must have some time frequented the sanctum of the newspaper—perhaps the Kansas City *Star*, where this appears:

THE EDITOR'S ROOM

By Sophie E. Redford

Oh! a curious place is an editor's den,
That sanctum sanctorum that's ruled by the pen.
  The odors are musty,
  The furnishings dusty,
But it's cozy and bright to the newspaper men.

Though files are untidy and cobwebs are thick,
The wires of the world are all buzzing "be quick!
  We want more excitement,
  Some wreck or indictment,"
So the editors work while the typewriters click.

When you enter the room and just take a peep
At the politics, weddings and deaths in a heap,
  With fires and divorces,
  The question of course is
How ever they sort it and sell it so cheap.

But shuttles fly fast in the newspaper loom,
Be the woof and the warp news of panic or boom,
  And yet you will wonder
  Whenever in thunder
It's housecleaning day in the editor's room.

FROM *The Nation* we take a touching tribute to love's enduring hold upon the human heart:

SONG

By Marie de L. Welch

What shall we remember when we are old?
What shall we remember even when we are wise?

Softly, softly we shall remember
Love and love's mouth and love's eyes.

What shall we remember more beautifully than wisdom?
What shall we remember in our cold years?

We shall remember, we shall remember
Love and love's laughter and love's tears.

What shall we remember when we are lost in quietness?
What shall we remember? What shall be keeping?

We shall remember, forever, forever
Love and love's sigh and love's sleeping.

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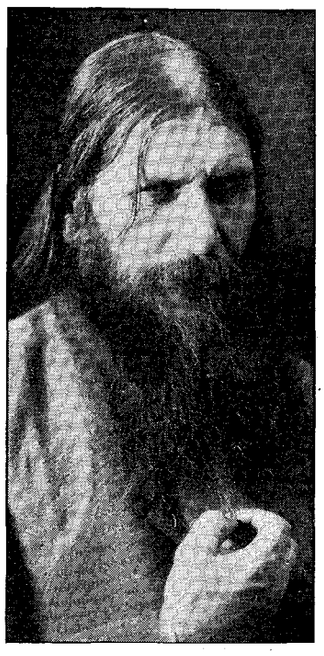
PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

HOW A RUSSIAN PRINCE KILLED RASPUTIN

A NERVE-RACKING PAUSE, and then the doomed man drains the second glass of poisoned wine; but, like the first, it has no effect. The third and last glass remains. He looks at it and at his would-be destroyer across the table with a cunning smile that seems to say: "You see! It doesn't matter how you try; you can't do me any harm." Then, all of a sudden, his expression changes to one of fiendish hatred, which inspires the poisoner with loathing and horror. The victim seems at last to know what is being done to him. A mute and deadly conflict of minds is going on between the two men.



A HORSE-STEALER'S SON

And Rasputin in early life followed in his father's footsteps. Note the bare spot on his head—a memento of a beating by victimized peasants.

The would-be murderer is aghast. He feels that, confronted by those satanic eyes, he is beginning to lose his self-control. The same eyes have hypnotized him into unconsciousness before, and now a strange feeling of numbness takes hold of him. His head reels. He sees nothing but those horrible eyes. . . . Then the victim's head is suddenly bowed on the table, the eyes disappear, and with a supreme effort of will the executioner goes on with the awful task he has assigned himself for the saving of his country.

The scene is that of the assassination of Rasputin at St. Petersburg, in 1917, and we are witnessing it through the pages of Prince Felix Youssoupoff's curious book, "Rasputin" (The Dial Press), in which he tells the whole story of how he deliberately put an end to the impostor who was virtually ruling Russia through his hold on the Empress. The situation seemed desperate. Here was a Siberian horse-thief appointing Ministers of State, a shameless debauchee posing as a holy man with miraculous powers, an almost illiterate peasant steering an empire into the abyss, while those who knew the truth were powerless. Not even photographs of his debaucheries, we are told, could shake the Czarina's faith in him and his supernatural powers. She believed that only a miracle could save her little son, who had been born with a tendency to internal bleeding, and that Grigori Efimovich, familiarly known as Rasputin, alone could perform that miracle. She believed later, also, that this adventurer alone could save Russia, and so he was consulted on important matters of State. He boasted that it was he who had sent the Grand Duke Nicholas far from the battle-front at a time when Russia was still in a position to win victories. Office-seekers on all sides besieged him for favors. To quote Prince Youssoupoff:

"But how do you manage to satisfy them all?" I asked.

"I send them to one or another of the Ministers, or else I give 'em a note to somebody who's in a position to fix things up. And sometimes I send 'em straight to Tsarskoe Selo . . . That's how it's worked!"

"And do all the Ministers do as you tell them?"

"Every one of 'em!" exclaimed Rasputin. "Every one! . . . Why shouldn't they, when they owe their appointments to me? They know perfectly well that if they cross my path, it'll be all the worse for them. Why, the Prime Minister himself daren't stand in my way. It was only the other day that he offered me fifty thousand rubles, through a friend of his, if I'd replace Protopopov. He's afraid to come to me himself, bless him! So he sends his friends instead! . . . And so," added Rasputin, after a short pause, "you can judge for yourself. The Empress herself is a friend of mine. . . . How can they do anything else but obey me? They're all afraid of me, every one of 'em. I've only got to bang my fist down, and there's no more fuss."

A PATRICIAN MURDERER

Prince Felix Youssoupoff, who now tells the amazing story of how Rasputin was done to death by the patriotic conspirators.

This, with much more like it, Prince Youssoupoff declares, is the reason why he considered it a patriotic duty to kill the interloper. The Prince's wife was a niece of the Czar, and she felt as he did about it. All murder, he told himself, is a sin, but he would bear the burden of this sin for his country's sake. His book tells how he felt at every stage of the crime, and in this respect, some critics hold, it is even more remarkable as an exhibit of psychology than as a harrowing bit of history. Glance at his state of mind, for instance, on the fatal night when he is in Rasputin's apartment, and is about to take him by motor to the room where the poisoned wine cups are waiting for him. The pseudo holy man has shown the prince a roll of 50,000 rubles just received as a bribe for getting some one into the Ministry. The narrative continues:

He took some money from the chest, which he then carefully locked. He blew out the candle, and the room was again in semi-darkness—illuminated only by the lamp which burned fitfully before the ikon in the corner.

I was suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling of infinite pity for this man. I felt disgusted and ashamed at the thought of the vile means and appalling deception with which I was luring him to my home. Here was my victim—standing before me, suspecting nothing, trusting me.

At that moment I was filled with the deepest contempt for myself; I asked myself how I could have decided to commit such a hideous crime; and I could not understand how it had happened.

He trusted me. . . . But what had become of his insight? What had happened to his instinct? It seemed as if fate had somehow clouded his reason and blinded him to our intentions.

But then I saw, with amazing clearness, one scene after another in the life of Rasputin. All my qualms of conscience, all my remorse vanished and gave place to a stedfast determination to complete the task which we had undertaken. I hesitated no longer.

We walked toward the dark landing, and Rasputin closed the door behind him. The lock again grated noisily, and a harsh,

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ominous echo rang down the deserted staircase. We were in total darkness.

I felt a vicelike grip on my arm.

"I'll show you the way," said Rasputin as he led me down. His grasp hurt me. I wanted to protest and shake it off, but I felt numb. I do not remember anything that he said to me, or whether I replied. At that moment there was only one thing that I desired: to get into the open air as soon as possible, to see as much light as possible, and not to feel the touch of that terrible hand.

As soon as we got down-stairs my horror left me, and I again became cool and collected.

Associated with Prince Youssoupoff in this dark drama, he tells us, were four other conspirators—the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, Purishkevich, Captain Sukhotin, and Dr. Lazovert. Their first meeting was at the young Prince's house, and he was the mainspring of the plot from beginning to end, we gather from the book. He had made it possible to take the victim by surprize through the device of cultivating personal relations with him. We read further:

Our second meeting took place in the Red Cross train, commanded by Purishkevich. Here we discust and arranged all the details of our joint action, and definitely adopted the following plan:

I was to continue to visit Rasputin, losing no opportunity to strengthen his confidence in me; and some day I was to invite him to my house, in such conditions that his visit could be kept an absolute secret.

On the day that Rasputin should choose to come to me, I was to call for him toward midnight, and drive him to the Moika in an open car, with Dr. Lazovert as chauffeur.

While Rasputin was drinking tea, I was to administer a solution of cyanide of potassium, which would cause his immediate death. His body was to be put in a sack, driven out of town and thrown into the river. A closed car would be required for this purpose, and the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich suggested that we should make use of his. This was particularly expedient, for the Grand Duke's flag would safeguard us from suspicion and delay.

While Rasputin was in my house, I was to be alone with him. The others would be waiting in an adjoining room, so that they could come to my help in case of necessity. Whatever might be the outcome of our project, we agreed to deny at all costs our complicity in the murder of Rasputin or in an attempt on his life.

PRINCESS YOUSSOUPOFF

A niece of the Czar, she agreed with her husband that Rasputin was ruining Russia, and should be removed at any cost.

It was decided that Rasputin should be invited to Youssoupoff's house on the night of December 16, 1917; the invitation was given, and the victim accepted. The Prince, with the doctor as chauffeur, called for him about midnight, and then came the departure from Rasputin's apartment, and, a little later, the poisoning scene in the Prince's palace. Cyanide of potassium had been put into three chocolate cakes as well as into three wine-cups. Dr. Lazovert had declared that any one of these doses would be certain death. Yet, as we have seen, Rasputin's strong peasant body resisted the poison, and the conspirators were dumfounded. After the scene described above, Youssoupoff excused himself from his guest, we read, and the group held a hurried consultation up-stairs. Finally the Prince took the Grand Duke's revolver and went back to finish the deed alone. When he rejoined his victim, Rasputin, instead of showing signs of death, suggested that they go together and make a night of it with the gipsy girls. The narrative continues:

Here I had been sitting all that time with a man who had swallowed an enormous dose of the most deadly poison; I had been watching every one of his movements in the expectation of a fatal issue; and now he was suggesting that we go to the gipsies! But what amazed me most was that in spite of his instinctive knowledge and insight, he should now be so utterly unconscious of his approaching end.

How could his sharp eyes fail to observe that, clenched in my hand, behind my back, was a revolver which in a moment would be aimed at him?

As this thought flashed through my mind, I looked round for some reason or other, and my glance fell on the crystal crucifix. I rose and went up to it.

"What are you doing over there so long?" asked Rasputin.

"I love this cross; it's a very beautiful thing," I answered.

"Yes, it's a nice thing. Cost a lot of money, I'm sure. How much did you pay for it?"

"Grigori Efimovich," I said, "you had better look at the crucifix and say a prayer before it."

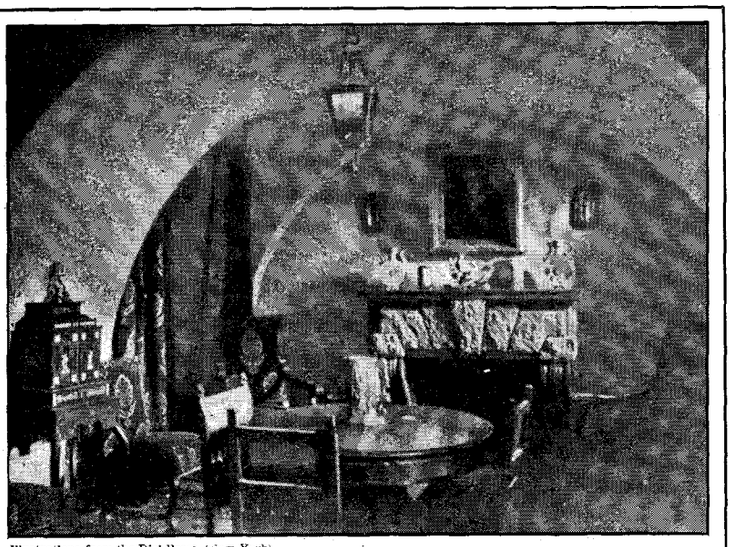
Rasputin looked at me in amazement, and with a trace of fear. I saw a new and unfamiliar expression in his eyes, a touch of gentleness and submission. He came right up to me, looking me full in the face, and he seemed to read in my glance something which he was not expecting. I realized that the supreme moment was at hand.

"God give me strength to end it all," I thought, and I slowly brought the revolver from behind my back. Rasputin was still standing motionless before me, his head turned to the right, and his eyes on the crucifix.

"Where shall I shoot?" I thought. "Through the temple or through the heart?"

A streak of lightning seemed to run through my body. I fired.

There was a roar, as from a wild beast, and Rasputin fell heavily backward on the bearskin rug, apparently lifeless.



Illustrations from the Dial Press (New York)

WHERE RASPUTIN RECEIVED HIS ADMIRERS AND DUPES

Here and there on the walls, we are told, were portraits of the Czar and Czarina, and "the whole contents of the flat bore the stamp of bourgeois well-being and prosperity."

The other conspirators rushed in, we are told, and the victim was pronounced dead. The bullet had passed through the region of the heart. It now became necessary to stage a fictitious return of Rasputin to his own flat—in case the secret police were watching his movements. Sukhotin disguised himself in the dead man's fur coat and cap, and drove off with the Grand Duke and Dr. Lazovert. The grisly sequel, somewhat condensed, is as follows:

Purishkevich and I remained behind. While awaiting the return of our companions we talked and dreamed of the future of our country,

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now forever delivered from her evil genius. In the midst of our conversation I was suddenly seized by a vague feeling of alarm; I was overwhelmed by the desire to go down to the dining-room. I went down-stairs. Rasputin lay motionless, but on touching him I discovered that he was still warm. I can not explain why, but I suddenly seized him by both arms, and violently shook him.

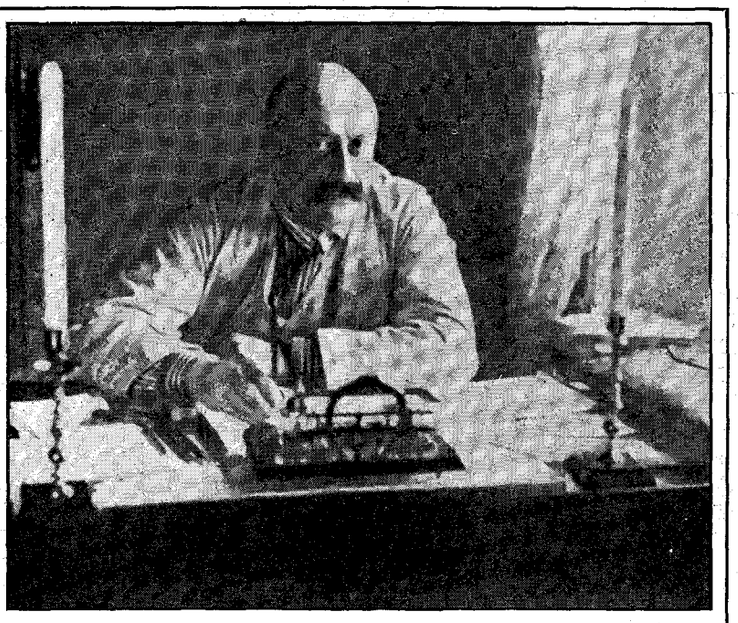
Then the incredible happened. With a violent movement Rasputin jumped to his feet. I was horror-stricken. The room resounded with a wild roar. His fingers, convulsively knotted, flashed through the air. Like red-hot iron they grasped my shoulder and tried to grip my throat. But with a supreme effort I tore myself free.

Rasputin groaned and fell backward. He lay all huddled up, motionless. I rushed upstairs, calling on Purishkevich. "Quick, quick! the revolver! He is alive!" I shouted. I had given my revolver to the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich.

At the door of my study I met Purishkevich. I heard sounds behind me.

Rasputin, on all fours was rapidly making his way up the staircase, bellowing and snorting like a wounded animal. Suddenly, he gathered himself up and made a final leap toward the wicket-door leading to the courtyard. The door opened and Rasputin vanished through it into the darkness.

Purishkevich immediately rushed after him. Two shots rang out, resounding all over the yard. A third shot rang out, and a fourth. Rasputin stumbled and fell near a snow-heap. He showed no signs of life.



AN IMPERIAL SHERLOCK HOLMES

Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich, of the Russian Royal Family, who worried the conspirators by playing detective in the Rasputin murder case.

The Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, Captain Sukhotin, and Doctor Lazovert returned in the closed car. They wrapt the body in a cloth, placed it in the car and drove off to Petrovski Island. From a bridge there, the remains of Rasputin were thrown into the water.

The shots outside the house had aroused the servants and the police, and Purishkevich, in his excitement, now told one servant that Rasputin had been killed. Thus, tho the conspirators hurriedly shot a dog and dragged its body over the blood-stained snow in an effort to furnish an alibi, the news was soon all over St. Petersburg, and the Prince and Grand Duke found themselves detained as prisoners in Sergei Palace. The Empress, we are told, was heartbroken, but all over Russia there was rejoicing. "Men stopt each other on the streets, and, whether acquainted or not, congratulated each other on what had happened." Public opinion was too strongly on the side of the conspirators to allow of severe punishment, tho Prince Youssoupoff was placed under arrest by order of the Empress. In his room at home he was visited by the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich, and braced his tired nerves for a new ordeal. The Prince thus recalls the scene:

The Grand Duke turned to me with the words: "Well, now, tell me; what have you been up to?"

I feigned astonishment and said:

"Surely you don't believe these rumors about me? Why, it's all crass misunderstanding. I've really nothing whatever to do with it."

"Tell that to others, not to me! I know everything, every detail—even the names of the women who were at the party!"

His last words showed me that he knew absolutely nothing, and that he was merely pretending to be well informed in order that he might trip me up. I told him exactly the same story of my house-warming party, and the shooting of the dog. Apparently he believed my tale, but to preserve himself against error he smiled knowingly at me as he left. It was clear that he not only knew nothing, but that he was intensely annoyed at having failed to get any information out of me.

The next day Youssoupoff moved to the palace of his fellow-conspirator, Grand Duke Dmitri, so that they could be together until their fate was decided. Things were looking dark for the young men. The narrative continues:

The telephone bell rang incessantly, and the person who rang up most frequently was the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich; he gave us the most incredible news. He came to see us several times a day. He affected to know everything, and tried to trip us up at every turn. Seeking by every possible means to discover the whole truth, he pretended to be our ally, in the hope that we would heedlessly commit ourselves. He was not satisfied with conversations on the telephone and his constant visits to us. He took a most active part in the search for Rasputin's body.

During one of his visits he incidentally informed us that the Empress was fully persuaded of our complicity in the death of Rasputin, and was demanding that we be shot out of hand, but that every one was restraining her. Even Protopopov had advised her to await the Emperor's arrival from General Headquarters. A telegram had been dispatched to the Emperor, and he was expected at any moment.

On the same day my friend M— communicated to me the no less unpleasant information that attempts were afoot against our lives, and advised us to take all possible precautions. It appeared that on the previous evening she had been an involuntary witness of how, in Rasputin's flat, twenty of his most ardent followers had sworn to avenge him.

News of the impending execution of Youssoupoff and Dmitri reached the workmen of large factories, we read, and caused great ferment among them. They held meetings and organized a secret guard to protect those who had freed the realm of Rasputinism. The Sergei Palace was thronged with the conspirators' friends and acquaintances. The Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich arrived and announced that Rasputin's body had been found in an ice-hole below the Petrovski Bridge. Then General Maximovich came and informed Dmitri, in the name of the Czar this time, that he was under arrest. The palace was surrounded with guards and seemed in a state of siege. Letters of congratulation and letters threatening to kill the young conspirators poured in by mail. The harrowing suspense finally came to an end on December 21, we are told, after Prince Youssoupoff's father-in-law had arrived from Kiev and held an interview with the Czar on the subject. The decision was that the Princes must be banished to their country estates.

The break-up of Russia had already begun, however, and with the resignation of the Czar, the coming of Bolshevism, and the murder of the whole imperial family, the man who had become an assassin to save his country found himself an exile in distant Paris. Denouncing the Bolsheviks, who have "stolen his fatherland," the Prince now concludes that—

Rasputin's appearance on the scene was not merely an unfortunate chance, but was inexplicably connected with some hidden process of disintegration which had already affected part of the Russian State organism. . . . Those days of arrest in Sergei Palace taught us how difficult it was to change the course of history, even when inspired by the most sincere intentions, when ready for any sacrifice.

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ADA BLACKJACK: A NEGLECTED HEROINE OF THE ARCTIC

A LONE WOMAN with four men on a bleak island in the Arctic Ocean. The same woman tenderly nursing the last surviving man, who is slowly dying of scurvy. Then six long months with the dead man's body as her only companion, while she waits for death or rescue. And at last the rescuer, who comes ashore from a ship and takes her back to the living world. Such, in brief, is the story of two terrible years in the life of Ada Blackjack, the only Eskimo woman, we are told, who has found a place in British and American annals as an outstanding heroine of her race.

And now this little wisp of womanly courage, who weighs less than a hundred pounds, has fallen upon evil days, according to an article by Creston Carlyle in the New York *World*. Recalling the whole grim tragedy in which three Americans and one Canadian youth lost their lives, Mr. Carlyle writes from Nome, Alaska, that the heroine of the disastrous Wrangel Island expedition, now broken in health, and penniless, has sailed from Nome on a trading ship for her childhood haunts on Kodiak Island, in the Alaskan group, to die. The nation for whose explorers she risked so much, the writer remarks, seems to have forgotten this heroine of the arctic. And then he goes on to sketch her strange story in these words:

From the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

SHE FOUND TOO MUCH ADVENTURE

Ada Blackjack, the Eskimo mother, whose health was broken by her terrible experiences with the Wrangel Island Expedition.

From the time Ada was able to toddle in her dismal home in Kodiak, the little wisp of humanity knew nothing but the harder side of life. Only for a brief spell did she have any real comforts, and that was while she was in a Christian mission in Nome, where she learned to read and write as well as speak English, and to cook white folks' food. Here, too, she learned to sew. But, like most Eskimo girls, she became a bride at sixteen, marrying Blackjack, erstwhile hunter and musher, and to him she bore three children. When two of her babies died, and Ada could endure Blackjack's brutal treatment no longer, she divorced him. With her son, Bennett, she found lodging in Nome, and there eked out an existence as a seamstress.

But the sewing business was dull, when in July, 1921, Alan Crawford, a young Canadian; Lorne E. Knight, from McMinnville, Oregon; Frederick W. Maurer, from New Philadelphia, Ohio, and Milton Galle, from New Braunfels, Texas, arrived in Nome. They were the party named at the suggestion of Vilhjalmur Stefansson to occupy Wrangel Island, and to claim it as a British possession. A native seamstress, who could fashion clothing quickly from the skins of animals, was deemed indispensable, and Ada was engaged. The fact that she not only was skilled with the needle but was able to speak and understand the English language won her a place with the expedition. So, sending her son to her mother in Kodiak, Ada, who was then twenty-three, set sail on the *Silver Wave*.

Maurer and Knight had been members of former expeditions of Stefansson's, and Maurer had gained more or less fame as one of the survivors of the Stefansson flagship, the *Karluk*, which in 1914 was crusht by the ice off Wrangel Island. He had passed seven months on that barren land before he was rescued by the *King and Wing*. Crawford, the Canadian, had been induced to join the expedition as a matter of patriotism, while the American, Galle, went for the adventure. The party took with them provisions and ammunition to last at least one year, having been assured that additional supplies would reach them the following year—a hope which was destined to be blasted.

It was an August afternoon in 1921, we are reminded, when the *Silver Wave* pushed through the ice in Rodgers Harbor and landed these four adventurous men and their seamstress-cook on Wrangel Island, 110 miles north of Siberia in the Arctic Ocean. After their supplies had been landed and the British flag had been run up, the five wigwagged a cheerful farewell to the *Silver Wave*, and watched it fade in the offing without a thought that the Eskimo woman would be the only member of their little company ever to see the outside world again. The relief ship that was to come the next year was turned back by the ice, and thus two years—filled with tragedy—passed before a vessel could reach them. To quote Mr. Carlyle again:

Two years almost to a day from the time the expedition had been landed on Wrangel Island, Harold Noice, a young Scotchman, at the head of the Wrangel Island rescue expedition, pushed the nose of his gasoline schooner, *Donaldson*, against the icy shore of Rodgers Harbor. He saw the tents the Crawford party had erected, and hoped that he had arrived in time. But there were no whites there to welcome him. He was greeted, only by Ada Blackjack, who half-running and half-leaping, half-crying and half-laughing, rushed down to the water's edge to embrace a living human being.

Her first question was regarding Crawford, Maurer, and Galle. Had he seen them? And then Noice learned that, eight months before, Crawford, Maurer and Galle had set out to make a dash over the ice to Siberia, and had never returned. Somewhere in the silent arctic the bodies of these three youths are frozen in the cold, solitary wastes.

As Ada led Noice to her tent, he saw that only meager rations remained, and realized he had come in time to save only one life. For in the big tent of the white men, the one adjoining Ada's, lay the dead body of Knight, clad in his deerskin sleeping-bag, in which he had died six months before. His three white companions had left him, stricken with scurvy, assuring him they would return. They left him alone with the Eskimo woman, and she had nursed him as tenderly as tho he had been her husband. Then she kept her lone vigil beside the body of the dead until the rescuers came.

Altho unskilled in the use of a rifle, Ada had learned to handle it adeptly after Knight was stricken. Setting up a mark in the rear of the tents the little woman practised until she could hit the mark, and then went out and killed bear that the sick man might have fresh food. She also learned to tend the traps, caught foxes and other small animals, and cut holes in the ice to catch fish for her patient. But despite her care, he died, and she

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told Noice she did not have the heart to bury him.

It has become known, the narrator says, that in those drear, lonesome two years on a frozen island, Ada Blackjack would willingly have become the wife of any one of the white men who treated her so well; but the men told her to keep her place as a servant. Even Knight, the last of the quartet to survive, maintained the same attitude, we are told, and when he became unable to hold a pencil, commanded the Eskimo to keep up his diary after he should have passed on. And so, alone on the bleak outpost of earth, Ada Blackjack wrote a diary—probably the only one ever penned in English by an Eskimo woman. Says the New York *World* correspondent:

She wrote a daily record of her thoughts—actually penning, it would seem, a message to her God. Ada had given up all hope of being rescued, and was prepared to pass on, but she felt that her silent communion with her Maker would not only be obeying the order of Knight but would aid in keeping her reason intact. There with only a dead man as companion, surrounded by seas of ice, Ada Blackjack wrote the real epic of the North, a record of pathos and horror that even eclipses the story of the fate of the white men of the expedition.

A week before Knight ceased to write his diary, Ada, evidently practising for what she saw was soon to come, wrote with a blunt pencil: "Made in March 14. 1923." And she continued: "The first fox I caught was in February 21 and the second March 3 and 4 and 5. That makes four white foxes. And then on March 13 I caught three white foxes. That makes seven foxes altogether. 14th I got a headache all day. I am taking aspirin. It seems didn't work. Oh, yes, on 13th, I got new army pants. On 12th I set eight places of traps. 15th I was over to traps. No sign of fresh tracks and I put new soles on my felt slippers, and washed dishes, and I feel much better than yesterday. Very clear all day."

Then follow other items of daily events, all written in her own crude way. On April 24 she wrote: "Sunday. I didn't go out to-day. I just wash my hair and read Bibil and I think of folks are in church this morning and this evening and now I'm writing 11 o'clock in evening after I had cup of tea."

On June 21, the day before Knight died she wrote: "Knight is getting very bad. He looks like he is going to die." Next day: "Move to other camp to-day and I wash my dishes and I get some wood."

Throughout her diary there are prayers: "God is the only one who will brought me home again," she says. And again: "There is no one pity me in this world but God and there is no hand would help me but God."

Her faith at last was rewarded, but the sequel runs again into tragedy:

When Noice had buried Knight, he brought Ada Blackjack to Nome, and it was here that Stefansson arranged to have her make a tour of the United States to take her mind from the awful experience she had undergone on Wrangel Island.

But by the spring of 1924 Ada began to long for the Northland, and Stefansson, who had provided for her entire expense while in the United States, arranged for her return to Nome. In Alaska her health has continued to decline, and she has been unable to work.

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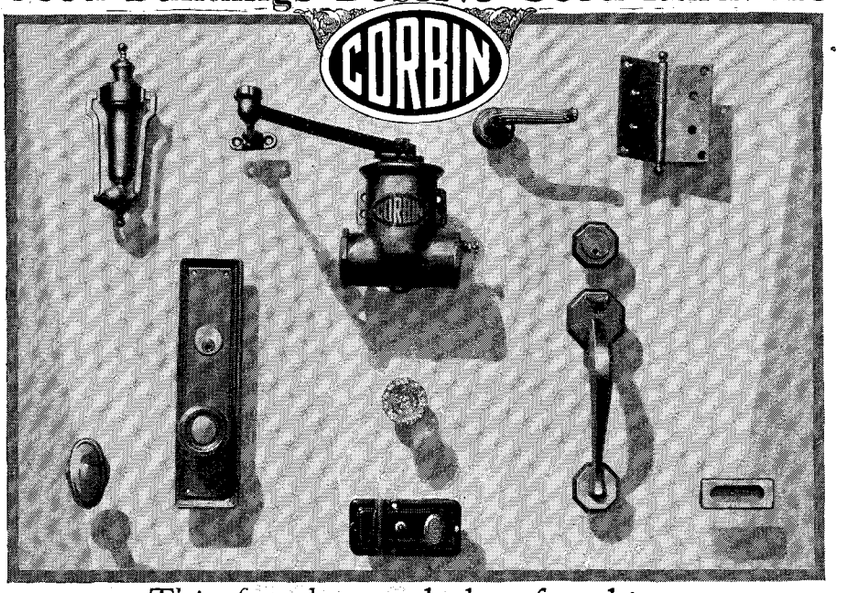

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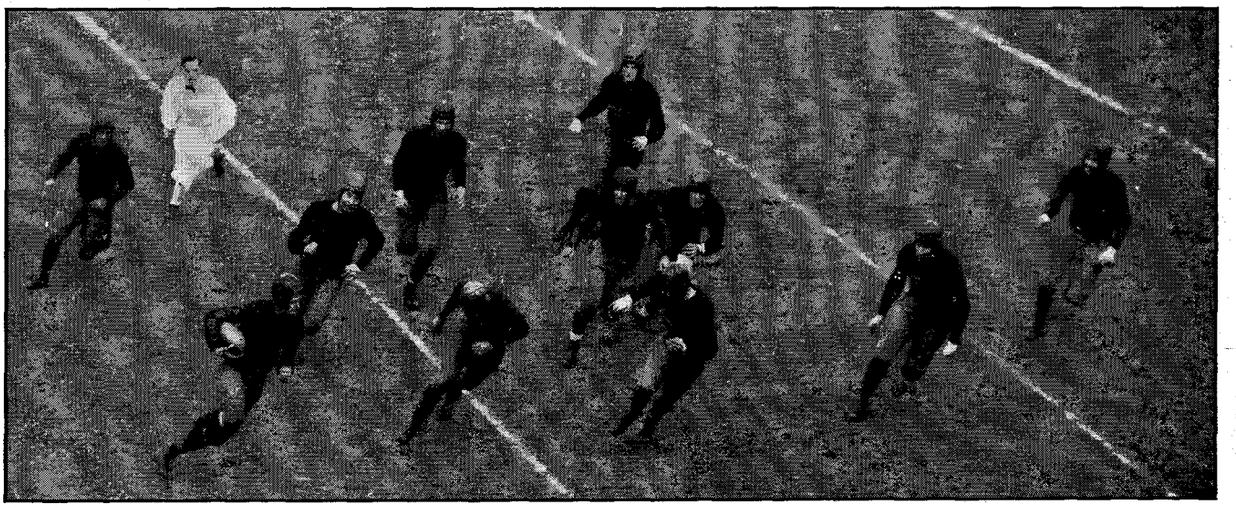

International Newsreel photograph

WHEN EVERY PLAYER'S FIRST VISION IS VICTORY: A LIVELY MOMENT IN THE ARMY-NAVY GAME

Next to victory for his team, each player probably nurses a vision of winning a nomination on one or more of the All-America teams.

COULD YOUR PET ALL-AMERICA TEAM BE BEATEN?

ANY GOOD COLLEGE TEAM, which did not have a member on the most famous All-America team of the year, could whip that aggregation to a standstill, in the opinion of no less a sports authority than W. O. McGeehan. It may be suspected that Mr. McGeehan is banking shrewdly on "college spirit," an element which would be lacking in the materialized All-America team, with its scattered loyalties, while the college team that had been ignored in the selections would be boiling over with it. Writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Mr. McGeehan points out that "no All-America team ever assembled to play football as a unit. There is some speculation as to just how formidable the official All-America team would be, if they could gather one to play as a team. You might gather together from all of the clubs in the big leagues of baseball a team that would beat consistently the best of the baseball teams left intact. Baseball is that sort of a game where the work of the stars would count for more than the team-work. But football is not that sort of game. Team-work and team spirit accomplish more than one or more stars could accomplish." And here Mr. McGeehan professes a willingness to bet that Yale, Princeton, or New York University could beat the best of the All-America teams this season. Warming up to the possibilities of such a battle of the gridiron, he adds:

Somehow I wish that this experiment could be tried some year. It would not only be interesting, but it would prove that intercollegiate football is above all a team game and an inspirational game.

The professional football promoters have endeavored as nearly as possible to stick to the All-America selections in recruiting for their teams. But it is evident that the college football players, turning professional, do not carry with them the spirit they had when they were playing in their old teams. I maintain that any good college team could flatten the best team that Mr. Pyle or Mr. Tim Mara could produce. This is one game in which the amateur team always will be the superior of the professional. You can not barter the spirit that makes American intercollegiate football.

Meanwhile there seem to be more All-America teams this winter (on paper, of course) than at the close of any previous season since the late Walter Camp started the ball rolling. In his later years, as the Des Moines *Register* reminds us:

Camp put more and more emphasis on the team character of his selection, rather than the individual character. He had come to a dilemma as to that and had to select a horn. It is obvious, of course, that an eleven selected for theoretical team strength must vary from the make-up of a team selected for individual brilliance.

As an example of this important distinction, it is pointed out that under the team system "a backfield must contain not four wonderful ball-carriers, but a combination of ball-carrying, punting, goal-kicking, blocking, forward passing and defensive ability. Yet this usually means selecting more or less by guess some one man out of three or four equally good in the specialty of ball-carrying, and ignoring all the others."

Acknowledging the present tendency "to broaden the selecting method by some kind of jury system, by collecting the judgments of coaches, sports writers, officials, and others," the *Register* editorial adds:

Even the broadest arrangement, however, is very limited. There are literally hundreds of powerful teams, literally thousands of wonderfully skilled players. There is bound to be more weight to performance on the "big" teams than to performance on obscure teams. And performance, not ability, has to be the only basis. As a mere matter of mathematical probability, there must be just as fine players as any chosen on weak teams scattered throughout the country. Opportunity to demonstrate is vital to the winning of this popular recognition.

An innovation in All-America team-building is launched this year by Mr. Grantland Rice, who continues in *Collier's* the ritual of annual selections inaugurated by Mr. Camp. As Mr. Rice tells us:

There was a day when football was The Eleven. There are now "Starting Teams" and "Shock Troops" and the basis of football strength to-day is the strength of the squad. Stars are frequently held in reserve until the game is well under way, and relief forces are rushed in and out in such swift succession that one becomes dizzy in attempting to keep an orderly count. There were fifty-six substitutions in the Navy-Notre Dame game alone.

In addition to this, with the spread of the game through 3,026,889 square miles of territory, where hundreds of strong teams now play high-class football, it has become increasingly

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difficult to segregate any small, select group, and say these men stand supreme above all.

Even a squad of thirty-five players may leave out many who are just as good as those closer to larger centers of publicity and the roar of louder propaganda.

It is for this reason that I have named this season an All-America Squad of thirty-five, and from this squad I have picked a first eleven upon the following basis:

1. Experience through testing schedules where the quality of the schedule is an important factor.
2. The good fortune to have escaped injuries through most of the year when they were consistently available for duty.
3. All-around ability, rather than strength in just one or two departments of play—the reward of versatility.

With which lucid foreword, Mr. Rice offers us an All-America team where the West is accorded six of the eleven places, and where the once dominant Big Three lauds only one candidate—Charlesworth, of Yale. Here is Mr. Rice's list:

End, Oosterbaan, Michigan; Tackle, Raskowski, Ohio State; Guard, Smith, Notre Dame; Center, Charlesworth, Yale; Guard, Crane, Illinois; Tackle, Smith, Pennsylvania; End, Nash, Georgia; Quarter-back, Drury, U. S. C.; Half-back, Cagle, Army; Half-back, Welch, Pittsburgh; Full-back, Joesting, Minnesota.

The "squad" from which this eleven is picked includes the following additional players:

Ends: Shivar, Georgia; Donchess, Pittsburgh; Born, Army; Moeser, Princeton. Tackles: Hibbs, University of Southern California; Lucas, Missouri; Douds, Washington and Jefferson; Coltrin, California. Guards: Hanson, Minnesota; Baer, Michigan; McMullen, Nebraska; Woerner, Navy. Centers: Bettencourt, St. Mary's; Reitsch, Illinois. Quarter-backs: Connor, New York University; Spears, Vanderbilt; Mann, Southern Methodist; Hunt, Texas A. and M. Half-backs: Presnell, Nebraska; Marsters, Dartmouth; Scull, Pennsylvania; Roepke, Penn State. Full-backs: Amos, Washington and Jefferson; Miles, Princeton.

Concerning a prominent player whose name is conspicuously absent from these lists, Mr. Rice explains:

Bruce Caldwell of Yale was the best all-around back in the game before his disqualification came as a result of the transfer rule. Otherwise Caldwell would have been at the head of the list.

In spite of his disqualification, however, Caldwell finds a place on at least one All-America team, that of the New York *Sun*. Other pickers of "ideal" elevens omit him with such expressions of admiration and regret that he becomes honorably conspicuous by his very absence from their lists. Says *The Sun* in an editorial:

Eastern followers of the game will be pleased to observe that Caldwell of Yale "made" the team in spite of the Big Three rule which held him ineligible to play against Princeton and Harvard. In other games, notably in the one against Army, Caldwell was estimated as being about 40 per cent. of the Eli attack on one of the best Yale elevens in years. His selection was made secure through his remarkable play up to the penultimate game of the Yale schedule.

Caldwell figures as left half-back on *The Sun's* team, which looks like this:

Oosterbaan, Michigan, left end; Hibbs, Southern California, left tackle; Webster, Yale, left guard; Bettencourt, St. Mary's, center; Smith, Notre Dame, right guard; Perry, Army, right tackle; Shivar, Georgia, right end; Drury, South California, quarter-back; Caldwell, Yale, left half-back; Welch, Pittsburgh, right half-back; Joesting, Minnesota, full-back.

"What good are All-America teams when they omit the best college half-back in the land?" demands James R. Harrison in the New York *Times*, adding:

Caldwell is being passed up presumably, on the theory that he was not eligible to play at any time during the season. If that premise were carried out to a logical conclusion, the experts should throw out all the scores of the games in which he played. And then where would Yale's record be, outside of the victories over Princeton and Harvard?

It strikes us that if the scores are allowed to stand, Caldwell's individual performances should also be recognized. There were only a few hundred half-backs that we did not see this year, but if they were any better than Caldwell, then they are too good to live.

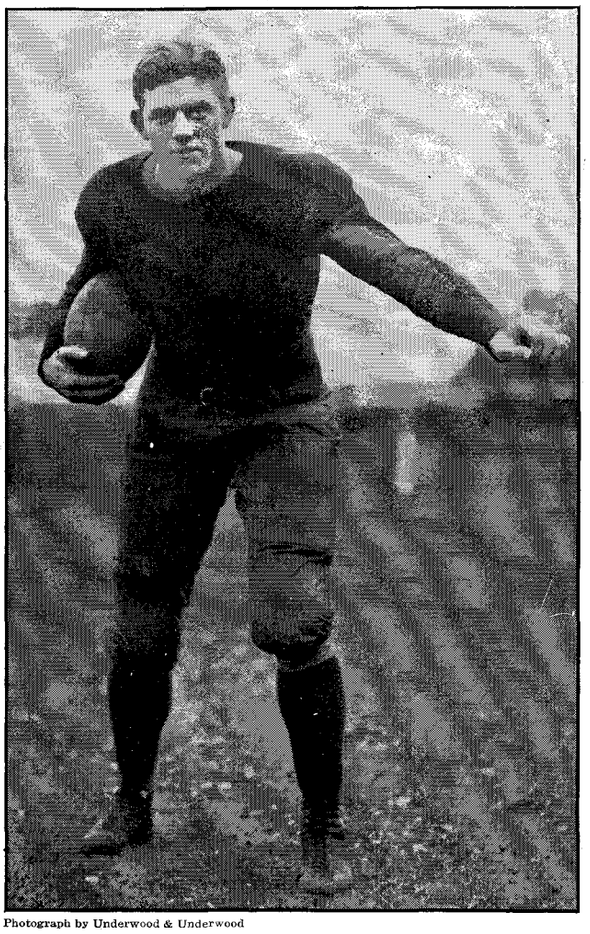
Princeton and Harvard pleaded with Yale to forget that particular regulation for the time being, and it probably will be altered next year to fit a case like Caldwell's. That being true, why rob Caldwell of his due because of a rule that was never any good anyway in his case?

After perusing two or three dozen All-America teams, we know as much about that subject as we know about the condition of the pig-iron market in Lithuania. The whole thing is very confusing. There seems to be a difference of opinion regarding only eleven positions on the team. Here and there you will find two experts who agree on one man, and in that case, they are probably wrong.

As far as we are concerned personally, we had more fun watching football games this fall than ever before. And, that being the case, hew to the line, let the All-America teams fall where they may!

The late-lamented football season left us with nothing but pleasant memories. We saw more good games than in any other year of our recollection. More good runs, more dazzling passes, and more exciting moments. Possibly we were only lucky in hitting on the right games, but there are several million others who would probably testify that this was the rip-snortingest football campaign they ever witnessed.

And that, after all, is no trifling item.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

BRUCE CALDWELL: AN ALL-AMERICA STORM-CENTER

Yale's great backfield star is included in one All-America list, while others omit him because of his technical ineligibility under "Big Three" regulations, he having played as a freshman for Brown.

In picking an All-America team for the New York *World*, three famous coaches—Tad Jones, Knute Rockne, and Glenn S. Warner, representing the East, the Mid-West and the West severally—declare:

In our opinion Bruce Caldwell of Yale is head and shoulders above any half-back playing intercollegiate football to-day, and yet we are obliged to omit his name from the All-America team of 1927. Based on performance, public opinion or the sympathies of this board, Caldwell would have been the first man selected for this year's honor team. But based on a strict adherence to football regulation, which, after all, is the first principle a coach should teach his players, we find ourselves obliged to eliminate this fine young man and extraordinary player. It is not a question of whether we think the rule that barred Caldwell from Yale's two final games a good rule or a poor rule. It is only a question of respecting a rule that exists in

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

fact, regardless of its merits or popularity. Aside from Caldwell's domination of the Yale backfield in the games where he did play, his manliness and resignation to his great disappointment stamped him as the type of character whose name will last longer than some whose All-America honors have depended solely on their ability to gain yardage or tackle runners. Caldwell's courage is an example for young America and all America.

Here are the Jones-Rockne-Warner selections:

Left End, Oosterbaan, Michigan; Left Tackle, Quarrier, Yale; Left Guard, Smith, Notre Dame; Center, Bettencourt, St. Mary's, California; Right Guard, Webster, Yale; Right Tackle, Hibbs, Southern California; Right End, Nash, Georgia; Quarter-back, Welch, Pittsburgh; Left Half-back, Cagel, West Point; Right Half-back, Drury, Southern California; Full-back, Joesting, Minnesota.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

WEBSTER,
YALE GUARD

Underwood & Underwood

JOESTING, MINNESOTA
FULL-BACK

Another apologist for the omission of Caldwell's name is Lawrence Perry, who compiles an All-America list every year for the Consolidated Press Association. Mr. Perry writes:

It should be specially mentioned that while Caldwell of Yale was unquestionably a great back, his failure to play against Princeton and Harvard and thus complete his season would have made it unfair to place him ahead of backs who shone from start to finish. And he stopt playing at a time when there was division of opinion as to just how great he was.

In submitting his 1927 All-America team, the writer begs to state that his selections have not been based on replies to questionnaires to coaches—who naturally are inclined to be prejudiced—but upon what the writer has been able to see for himself in the course of a tour of the country, involving more than ten thousand miles of traveling, in which he saw either in games or scrimmage twenty-nine elevens, including Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, Dartmouth, Army, Navy, Holy Cross, Bucknell, Catholic University, New York University, Alleghany, Carnegie Tech, Pennsylvania, Colorado University, Denver University, Colorado College, Colorado Mines, Utah, Stanford, St. Mary's, California, Oregon, Washington, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Georgia Tech, and Georgia.

Of the All-America players, the writer personally has seen every one. Here they are:

Ends: Nash, Georgia, and Oosterbaan, Michigan; Tackles: Hibbs, Southern California, and Raskowski, Ohio State; Guards: Hanson, Minnesota, and Webster, Yale; Center, Reitsch, Illinois; Quarter-back, Drury, Southern California; Half-backs: Presnell, Nebraska, and Welch, Pittsburgh; Full-back, Joesting, Minnesota.

A light-hearted approach to the team-picking solemnity is that of John Kieran, of the New York *Times* sports staff, who writes:

The All-America riot is on. This observer intends to fire one rousing volley and then duck. In response to several suggestions and numerous threats, the following All-America team is momentarily thrust forward for inspection:

Left End, Oosterbaan, Michigan; Left Tackle, Nowack, Illinois; Left Guard, Hanson, Minnesota; Center, Bettencourt, St. Mary's; Right Guard, Baer, Michigan; Right Tackle, Hibbs, Southern California; Right End, Georgia; Quarter-back, Drury, Southern California; Half-back, Welch, Pittsburgh; Half-back, Marsters, Dartmouth; Full-back, Joesting, Minnesota.

There now. That's a noble work well done. Some of the men are out of position, but what of that? There isn't a single Yale, Harvard, or Princeton player on the list. West of the Hudson River that will be taken as absolute evidence that the selection was unbiased and the selector was a remarkably intelligent football expert.

There are two men from the East, three from the coast, one from the South, and five from the stretch of territory lying between the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountains. The geographical distribution is almost perfect.

This mythical All-America team is open to criticism on only one point. All the players on it are fairly well known. To be frank, that is an artistic error. There should be at least one mysterious stranger on any authoritative All-America team. It's the expert touch.

The really great thing about this particular All-America team is that the selections are above and beyond the regular line of criticism.

"You saw him against Army; you should have seen him against Dartmouth."

"He was hurt the day you watched him. He was a whirlwind against Ohio State."

"What! That bird? That was the only good game he played all season. He was terrible against Princeton. You wouldn't have named him for dog-catcher."

It appears, therefore, that to pick an

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All-America team on the basis of what one has seen on a series of Saturdays is a sad mistake. To remove this difficulty and to prevent any possible error, this observer picked a team composed entirely of players he never saw at all.

In the old days, when Walter Camp was raising football by hand, an All-America team meant something. There were comparatively few good college teams, and Camp had personal knowledge of practically all the players he selected. But even before the "dean of the gridiron" died, the situation had changed. When football really became an all-American game, the All-America team lost all significance. There was too much ground to be covered in too short a time.

What can Eastern football followers know of Drury of Southern California? Or Joesting of Minnesota? Or Mann of Southern Methodist? It's hearsay evidence only. And hearsay evidence is barred in court.

A modern All-America team can be picked quite as well by one who didn't see a game all through the campaign as by one who froze in half a dozen stadia between Hanover and Baltimore. Or points west.

The scrimmaging has become so general that an observer can't even see all the big games in his own territory. This year the Yale-Army, Princeton-Cornell, and Harvard-Dartmouth games were played on the same day. The Pittsburgh-Washington and Jefferson, Princeton-Ohio State, and Penn-Harvard games were played on the same day. The Yale-Princeton and Army-Notre Dame games were played on the same day.

Doubtless, the same conditions hold in other sections of the country. Spreading his inspection as widely as possible, an observer might be able to see as many as twenty teams in the course of a season. That's a maximum. And it would mean seeing each team only once. Who can judge the individual ability of a player, and his value to his team, by watching him in a single game? Not guilty here.

Another point. Most backfield stars are carried to fame on the shoulders of the men in the forward line. Switch the lines in front of some of these ball-carriers and their reputations would be thrown for a loss.

Meanwhile the experts, not content with a flock of All-America teams, have been picking All-Eastern, All-Western and All-Pacific coast teams. As we gather from an Associated Press story:

The Dartmouth eleven and Yale each furnished two men for the all-Eastern team for 1927, compiled by The Associated Press yesterday from the consensus of opinion of fifty-six critics, sport writers, and officials throughout the sector.

The selections were:

First Team		*Second Team*
Cole, Dartmouth	L.E.	Moser, Princeton
Sprague, Army	L.T.	Kern, Pittsburgh
Webster, Yale	L.G.	Cervini, Holy Cross
Grigsby, Georgetown	C.	Charlesworth, Yale
Dumont, Colgate	R.G.	Woerner, Navy
Hake, Penn	R.T.	Fitzgerald, Tufts
Scott, Yale	R.E.	Delph, Penn State
Connor, N. Y. University	Q.B.	MacPhail, Dartmouth
Welch, Pittsburgh	L.H.	Wittmer, Princeton
Marsters, Dartmouth	R.H.	P. Scull, Penn
Amos, W. and J.	F.B.	Miles, Princeton

Pittsburgh, chosen to represent the East in the clash with Stanford, placed only one man on the first eleven, Gibby Welch, rival of Dartmouth's Al Marsters for recognition as the outstanding Eastern back of the season.

Princeton, while unable to provide a star for the first eleven, furnished three men for the second team. Through second-team selections, Yale and Dartmouth acquired three places and Pittsburgh two. Fourteen colleges were represented by the leading twenty-two players.

Selection of outstanding ends appeared most difficult with many fine wingmen developed in the East this season. Amos of Washington and Jefferson and Connor, New York University quarterback, were general choices to team with Marsters and Welch in the backfield. The critics gave the Cadets only one place on the first team. Navy gained one second-team choice.

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CAGLE,
ARMY HALF-BACK

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DRURY, QUARTER-BACK,
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

And again, in a Chicago dispatch, we are told

All-Conference selections of the Western Conference coaches, chosen to-day for The Associated Press, follow:

First Team		*Second Team*
Oosterbaan, Michigan	L.E.	Hayeraft, Minnesota
Raskowski, Ohio	L.T.	Nelson, Iowa
Hanson, Minnesota	L.G.	Mathews, Indiana
Rouse, Chicago	C.	Reitsch, Illinois
Baer, Michigan	R.G.	Gibson, Minnesota
Nowack, Illinois	R.T.	Gary, Minnesota
Fisher, Northwest	R.E.	Grange, Illinois
Crofoot, Wisconsin	Q.B.	Eby, Ohio
Gilbert, Michigan	L.H.	Timm, Illinois
Almquist, Minnesota	R.H.	Wilcox, Purdue
Joesting, Minnesota	F.B.	Lewis, Northwest

Capt. Herb Joesting, Minnesota, fullback, and Capt. Bennie Oosterbaan, Michigan, end, were All-America players last year and were again the unanimous choice of the Big Ten coaches to-day in the all-Western Conference team. Coach Stagg of Chicago, who does not favor the picking of "all" teams, cast no vote.

There was a big field of ends for the flank job opposite Oosterbaan. Waldo Fisher, Northwestern, received the most votes. Garland Grange, Red's brother, led

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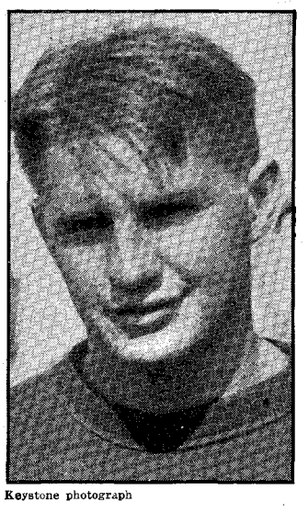
Cameron of Wisconsin by one ballot for the second-team post.

The backfield positions, except for first- and second-team fullbacks, were likewise scrambled. Crofoot was the outstanding choice for first-team quarter-back, but half a dozen half-backs received scattering votes in order to get them into the backfield for either running or blocking purposes.

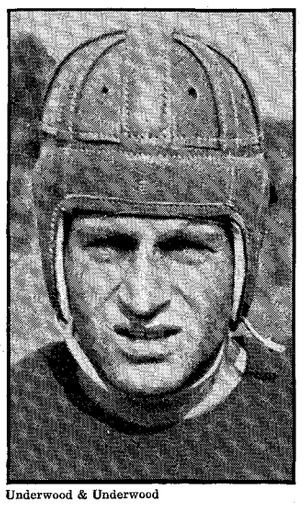
Eby, Ohio State, received the most votes as runner-up to Crofoot. "Pest" Welch, Purdue's brilliant sophomore, was short of either team by the narrowest of margins, his single year of competition probably counting against him. Louis Gilbert received a stray mention as quarter-back to get his passing arm and educated toe into the backfield, but all except two coaches chose him as a half-back.

The Pacific coast all-star eleven is hand-picked for us by



Keystone photograph

OOSTERBAAN, MICHIGAN END



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J. P. SMITH, NOTRE DAME GUARD

Glenn Warner, the coach of Stanford University, California. Here it is, with an alternate second team:

First Team		*Second Team*
Schuh, Washington	L. E.	Burgher, Idaho
Hibbs, Southern California	L. T.	Chisholm, Santa Clara
Post, Stanford	L. G.	Wright, Washington
Bettencourt, St. Mary's	C.	McCreery, Stanford
Diehl, Idaho	R. G.	Walterkirchen, Gonzaga
Coltrin, California	R. T.	Robbins, Oregon State
Phillips, California	R. E.	Beebe, Occidental
Drury, Southern California	Q. B.	Meeker, Washington State
Hyland, Stanford	L. H.	Wilton, Stanford
Carroll, Washington	R. H.	Maple, Oregon State
Hoffman, Stanford	F. B	Wilson, Washington

That Americans paid fifty million dollars to see college football games this year, remarks the Minneapolis *Journal*, may worry some good souls who think the money might have been spent in some other way. On which point the editorial continues:

Without doubt, the money could have been better spent. But—and this time also without doubt—the money would not have been better spent.

Each of these fifty million dollars does double duty. Already it has helped buy a wholesome and thrilling afternoon in the open for some one of the millions of citizens who attended football games this year. And now it is going to help buy the facilities for body-building, mind-cleansing physical exercise for the students who pack our colleges by the hundreds of thousands.

For this vast sum, fifty million dollars, does not go out of circulation. Save for the salaries paid to coaches and trainers, and expenditures for equipment, transportation, and hotel accommodations, the money goes to expand and maintain the growing athletic plants of the colleges.

It builds playing-fields, gymnasiums, field-houses, tennis-courts, golf-courses, where all students, many of whom never have even touched a football, may share in the conceded benefits of physical training.

And in building up these facilities, the money furnishes jobs for numerous artizans who otherwise might go without employment.

Do not think for a minute that fifty million dollars spent for football tickets is fifty million dollars wasted. Indeed, save for expenditures for family upkeep, for individual or communal health, and for church and charity, it is doubtful whether any money is more wisely spent.

Furthermore, it was the money of those who spent it. Each of them wanted to see a football game and each of them had the price. It was strictly his own business whether he should buy a football ticket, buy something else, or bank the cash. Nobody was forced to buy a ticket against his will. On the other hand, some hundreds of thousands of citizens who wanted to buy seats at the various important games could not get them.

So there is nothing for even the most confirmed lamenter to moan about in the rapid increase of the country's annual college football bill. Provide enough seats, and the country will gladly double it.

YOUNG GRIFFO, A CHARACTER FOR DICKENS

"HOW ARE YOU GOING TO WHIP a man when you can't hit him?" was the rueful comment of many a crack pugilist after a bout with Young Griffo in his best days. The cleverest defensive boxer in the whole range of sporting history, a marvel of skill in the ring, and of childish weakness outside of it—such, the ringside chroniclers tell us, was Young Griffo, who died on December 7, at the age of fifty-six, after twenty years of poverty and obscurity.

His swiftness of movement is still the theme of scores of anecdotes in the sporting world. So quick was he with his hands, they say, that he could pick a fly from the air, let it go, and seize it again before it could get out of reach. And he could duck a blow with equal speed. His favorite stunt, the press recalls, was to stand on a handkerchief, hands down, and invite all comers to hit him in the face. One by one, amateur bruisers, eager to win or lose a drink, would swing savagely at the proffered jaw, and one by one they shattered only the atmosphere; they might keep on trying till they were tired, but they never even touched Griffo.

Winner of fifty-four out of a hundred boxing battles, with forty-eight others fought to a draw; beaten only three times, and never knocked out, he won a fortune in the ring—and scattered the money in conviviality as fast as he got it. Of late years he had become a familiar figure, the New York papers record, as a gray hulk of a man who sat nightly in a stairway on Forty-second Street near Broadway and lived on alms handed him there by White Light friends who had known him in his prime. For the last six years, Mrs. Rose Collins, widow of one of his early friends, had given him living-quarters without charge. And in the end Tex Rickard, we are told, bought a lot for him in Woodlawn Cemetery, and paid the expenses of his funeral—a funeral that would have delighted Griffo if he could have seen it, with Jim Corbett and Jack McAuliffe, and scores of large and lesser lights of pugilism present. "The only one that ever hit him was Death," said Corbett, amiably stretching the truth a little, as he gazed at the white face in the costly casket.

Albert Griffiths was his real name, and he hailed from Australia, where he had won fame as a featherweight before he began his career in this country in 1893, by defeating Young Scotty in six rounds at Chicago. The high spots in his life are hit off by George B. Underwood in the New York *Telegram*, as follows:

Even the wizardly Jem Driscoll, the superbly scientific James J. Corbett, and the masterly Packy McFarland failed to combine to quite so rare a degree the baffling speed and cleverness of hand and foot that once belonged to Albert Griffiths, in his prime the smoothest-running fighting machine, frictionless, effortless, this writer ever has seen.

"Gans, McAuliffe, Dixon, Lavigne failed to whip him"—that is the ring epitaph of Young Griffo. No fighter could have a greater. He beat McAuliffe, but was robbed of the decision. And in the sunset of his ring career he was great enough to hold Lavigne, Dixon, and the great Gans to draws.

For a decade and more Griffo, seldom in any kind of physical condition, met the greatest fighters of his era, giving away weight to most of them, yet came out with only one mark of the ring. That was a cauliflower ear given him by Dan Creedon,

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the middleweight. The wonderful featherweight and the hard-hitting middleweight met in a handicap match. The clout on the ear was about the only punch the big man succeeded in landing on his bafflingly elusive opponent.

Griffo's "handkerchief trick" is familiar to all. In his first fight in this country against Young Scotty in Chicago the Australian boxed the entire first round with his hands down. His opponent failed to put a glove on him.

With the death of Griffo passes the last of the great Australian fighters—the other two were Peter Jackson and Bob Fitzsimmons—who emblazoned their marks in the American prize-ring.

One sally with Griffo was enough for most ring men, remarks Hype Igoe, in the New York *World*, continuing:

He was different from anything that had ever been seen in the ring. His wasn't the Jim Corbett kind of skill—hit and get away. Griffo stood his ground and depended on the swaying of his head or his torso to make the other fellow miss. Usually his opponents became exhausted trying to hit him. Exhausted, they became enraged, and, their tempers lost, it was an easy matter for Griffo to plague them silly with his rapid-fire gloves. He wasn't a hard hitter. Had he been, he would have been the marvel of the ring. He was one simply because of his uncanny cleverness.

Griffo's besetting sin was drink. He didn't believe it was necessary to train for a fight. He ran around a spool of thread three times and called himself fit. That was Griffo's way of fighting—it was his way of living.

Tim McGrath was his earliest trainer in this country. The California conditioner had his hands full with Griffo, but he liked the little man for his genius. Griffo was a treat for tired eyes when in action. He made the cleverest men in the ring look like the rawest dubs, simply because he outtimed them with amazing precision. Griffo could go through a twenty-five-round fight without getting hit on the head three times in the whole fracas. That was making 'em miss.

Again—from the same writer:

Griffo was not an educated man. He could not read or write, yet each day, for the past fifteen years, he could be found sitting in a blind doorway of the Republic Theater in Forty-second Street attentively reading his magazine. Griffo always read the best, but sometimes upside down.

On one occasion Griffo was standing before the bar in Young Mitchell's saloon in San Francisco. Some one who had threatened to punch Griffo's head came in. Mitchell remarked:

"Here he is now, Griff—that fellow who was looking for you." Griffo didn't turn around. He merely looked up into the big mirror back of the bar. The belligerent visitor made right for Griffo and started to swing punches at his head. Griffo simply watched the attack in the mirror and moved his head this way and that.

Finally the fellow took Griffo by the shoulders and turned him around, and said:

"You win, Griffo. I was going to knock your block off, but you haven't got one. I'm licked without being hit."

Only his lack of ambition and his drinking, according to Beverly Smith of the New York *Herald Tribune*, kept young Griffo from the championship on several occasions. This writer continues:

For training, the eccentric Antipodean relied on his handkerchief trick, with the accompanying potations. For his bigger fights he would vary this by wagering his friends that they could not knock a cigar out of his mouth.

In 1894 he was scheduled to meet George Dixon, the champion, in a twenty-round fight in Boston. The afternoon before the fight he disappeared. His friends finally located him in a saloon, conscientiously doing the handkerchief trick for the twentieth time. They rushed him to a Turkish bath, boiled him out for three hours and delivered him at the ringside on time. He held the formidable Dixon to a draw.

The Australian "illusion" took this as a vindication of his training methods, which he continued to follow faithfully. In 1897, however, an event occurred which shook his confidence. He was scheduled to meet Tommy Tracy in St. Louis. He passed the whole day in a saloon and was rescued in the nick of time, as usual, by his backers. The buggy in which he was being rushed to the arena was struck by a train, two of its occupants were killed, and Griffo was flung into a ditch.

He reached the ring in time, but apparently the break in his routine had confused him. When the bell rang for the first round he advanced to the center of the ring with a small towel and attempted to do his handkerchief trick. When he leaned over to spread the towel, Tracy, who knew nothing of the rules of the handkerchief trick, hit him a terrific blow back of the ear. The incident broke Griffo's spirit, it is said, and started him on the downward path.

Griffo's financial methods, we are told, would have shocked the present-day plutocrats of the ring. Apparently, he had no idea of the value of money. In the days of his prime he almost always spent his winnings within a week, chiefly in "setting 'em up for the boys." Since his death a rumor has been floating about Broadway that Griffo had become a miser—that in late years he saved the dollars handed to him by friends, and stowed them away in a fat bank account—but thus far there is no proof that it is anything but a freak rumor. Some known facts about his financial past, however, according to Joe Vila of the New York *Sun*, are these:

Griffo participated in sixteen fights in 1895, and probably took down $30,000, which he spent in riotous living. He was in the welterweight class when he took the measure of Owen Zeigler and Jack Daily in 1897, after serving a year in prison for a criminal offense.

As a drawing-card, the Australian was through, but he stuck to the ring until 1904, earning just enough to pay for liquor, food, and lodging. He had squandered at least $100,000, it was estimated, but he retained his rugged constitution for a long time after hanging up his gloves.

Griffo made money so fast after coming to America that he had no idea of its value. He was victimized in many ways and was pestered by impecunious "friends," who deserted him when he went "broke."

One hour after his sensational mill with Lavigne at Maspeth, Griffo was called into the club's office to receive his money, $1,500. One of the promoters began to count out one-dollar bills, which were arranged in several piles. When $500 had been placed in front of the Australian, he raised a hand in protest and exclaimed:

"Enough, sir! Enough! Wot d'yer think Hi' h'am, a bloom-ink truck? Gimme that stuff! H'it's h'all Hi want!"

So Griffo, stuffing five hundred one-dollar bills into his pockets and hat, hurried off to the New York ferry to make things lively in Tenderloin saloons. He never asked for the rest of his pay for boxing Lavigne.

His pet joke, when in his cups, says Ed van Every in the New York *Evening World*, was to go to a bootblack stand, remove his shoes, and then have his feet shined. Among other stories of his peculiarities gathered up by that writer is the following:

One yarn that Joe Humphreys related is as characteristic of this odd character as any I ever heard. Some years ago at the old Pioneer Club, then on West Forty-fourth Street, Joe was instrumental in putting over a benefit for Griffo, the intent being to raise sufficient funds to permit Griffo to go back to his native land, Australia.

Altho the affair was put over on short notice, $500 was raised for Griffo, but after the money was turned over to him, he gravely announced that he had decided to stay in this country after all.

"What!" yelled Joe. "You're not going home after we have raised this money for you? What a fine bunch of saps we'll be made to look like."

"Blime me, Joe," answered Griffo, who spoke with a pronounced cockney accent. "What's the sense of me goin' home? The old man wouldn't know me any more."

Those who really knew Griffo, we are told, were attracted by the kindliness of his character, and made allowances for his faults. In the words of the *Telegram* writer quoted before in this article:

He was but a creature of his environment. Born "on the rocks" at Miller's Point, Sydney, New South Wales, he was a newsboy at ten and a public fighter in Foley's Hall in his early teens. He had no one to forewarn him of the habits he drifted into. The twig was bent early. Don't blame Griffo for how the tree inclined.

With all his weaknesses, Young Griffo was absolutely honest. Once in the old Tenderloin we saw him with Kid Broad, and a fighter we shall not name, in tow of "an Angel." The Angel was so drunk he signed a blank check, simply telling the three fighters to fill it out for fifty dollars.

The nameless fighter, instead, made it out for $500.

Griffo and Kid Broad took the check away from the nameless fighter and tore it up.

"You can't trim a good fellow, like that," they explained.

No, there was little evil about Young Griffo.

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SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION ▾ CONTINUED

MEASURING THE SMOOTHNESS OF ROADS

HIGHWAYS ARE NOTICEABLY SMOOTHER than they used to be, due largely to the development of sensitive testing machines and the penalizing of contractors for unsatisfactory results, we are told by a writer in *Concrete Highways and Public Improvements* (Chicago). Investigations of impact forces conducted on test roads have emphasized the need, he says, for proper testing machines to insure a minimum of irregularities in completed pavement surfaces. We read:

"The effects of impact stresses on the life of a pavement have been forcibly brought out by these tests. Engineers have turned their attention to perfecting some practical recording machine that would register surface smoothness over long distances with speed, accuracy, and economy. Records made by these machines permit comparisons of finishing methods to be made from year to year, determine the relative values of different construction practises, and record yearly variations in surface smoothness.

"The first device of this nature, called a 'profilometer,' was perfected and developed by the Illinois Division of Highways. It consists of several pairs of bicycle wheels so mounted and connected in series as to produce a plane above the wheels parallel to the pavement surface. Surface irregularities are transferred from the pavement surface to a stylus on the recording instrument in the center of the plane by means of a vertical rod riding on a small wheel in contact with the pavement. The profilometer is propelled by hand, and the chart moves past the recording stylus in direct proportion to the horizontal distance traveled.

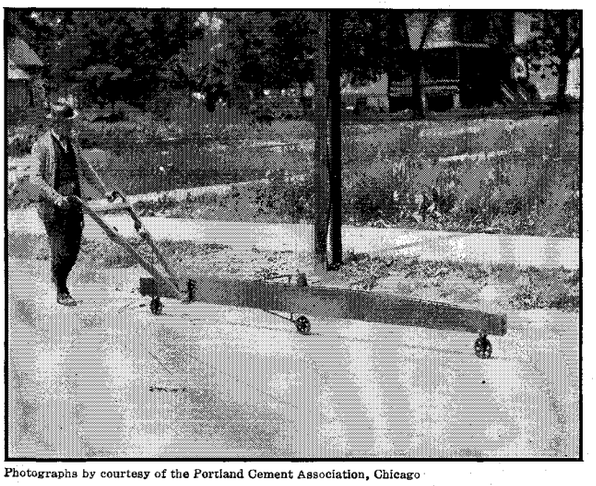
"The Division of Highways has used this instrument in studying many miles of their 5,000-mile concrete-road system. Each year's records show an improvement in finish and riding qualities. Concrete pavements constructed in 1919 had a surface roughness of about 1.3 inches in 100 feet. By 1924 this had been reduced to less than .5 inch in 100 feet. In 1925 a special clause was added to the Illinois specifications penalizing the contractor his bid price per square yard of pavement for each and every ¼-inch high spot determined by a 10-foot straightedge. This specification immediately gave a monetary value to high spots, and has produced many striking examples of pavement smoothness. The first record of note started when a contractor boasted that he had completed an entire day's run without a high spot over ¼ inch high. This slowly grew to a week's run, an entire mile, and there are now several instances on Illinois construction where contractors have built five miles and more of concrete pavement without high spots.

"Two other instruments, the 'vialog' and the 'roughometer,' have been developed for measuring pavement smoothness. The 'roughometer,' perfected by the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, is a mechanical recording device that measures the vertical movement between the body and front axle of an automobile as the car is driven over the road under test. A rod is attached rigidly to the front axle in a vertical position. The top of the rod works on a ratchet which transfers the upward vertical motion to a cable attached to a recording dial on the dash. It is so constructed that the cable does not move on the downward thrust of the rod. Each upward movement is accumulated on the recorder, and this gives the vertical roughness of the pavement traveled.

"The 'vialog,' developed by Mr. Harley Dunbar of the New York State Highway Commission, is similar to the 'roughometer' in principle, but makes a graphic record of the movement between the car body and front axle. Downward movements are recorded the same as upward movements, and an accumulator or dial may be attached to give a record that can be compared, after calibration, with a 'roughometer' record.

"California has used the 'roughometer' and 'vialog' for several seasons, and each year sets a new record for pavement smoothness. The record Portland cement concrete pavement placed in 1926 had less than 4¼ inches of roughness per mile of pavement.

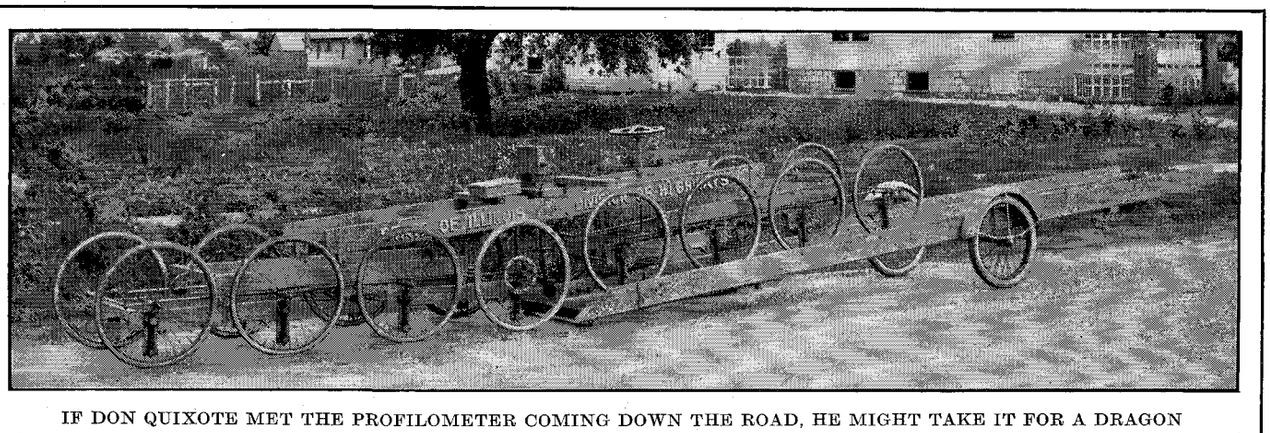
"Measuring pavement surfaces in the field by an ordinary 10-foot straightedge is a slow and back-breaking job. The Illinois Division of Highways has adopted and now uses on many State projects an instrument, called a 'bumpometer,' to make this work easier and more rapid. A 10-foot straightedge is used with a small rubber-tired wheel at each end and a third rubber-tired wheel, of the same size, at the midpoint of the



Photographs by courtesy of the Portland Cement Association, Chicago

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PUSH A BUMPOMETER?

Probably better than to ride on one. This curious contraption rings a bell when it hits a high spot.



IF DON QUIXOTE MET THE PROFILOMETER COMING DOWN THE ROAD, HE MIGHT TAKE IT FOR A DRAGON

Were he to attack it with his lance, he'd get all tangled up in wire spokes and things; and that would interfere with the useful work of measuring the little roughnesses of the highway and recording them in black and white.

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straightedge with its axle on a line with the end wheels. The center wheel operates an "A" frame so mounted as to close an electrical circuit and light a small lamp or ring a bell when it raises or lowers ¼ inch or more. The inspector can then determine and mark the confines of a high or low spot with little effort.

The study of pavement-smoothness records has disclosed many interesting points. The pavement completed at the end of the season is noticeably more smooth than that placed at the beginning of the construction season. In the same manner, the first pavement placed in the morning is not as smooth as that placed later in the day.

The importance of smoothness specifications is indicated by their general adoption by State highway departments. Thirty-five States are now specifying a permissible pavement variation of ¼ inch on a 10-foot straightedge, and only four States have no smoothness specification. Practical construction methods have proved that such specifications can be enforced on concrete road construction, and that additional smoothness now being obtained as a result of their nation-wide adoption will add many years to the life of present-day concrete roads.

HOW SNOW DRIFTS ON ROADS

FACTS about the drifting of snow on roads, set forth by V. R. Burton, a highway engineer, on the basis of long experience in Michigan, are thus quoted by Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington):

The topography, combined with the culture of the country through which a road runs, influences the amount of drifting to a great extent. Rolling, wooded country, where the road-grade follows the surface closely, gives the least trouble. Large, flat fields of cultivated land, especially where autumn plowing is practised, are often swept bare, and then snow, stopt by a fence or by weeds, falls on the highway. Even such small obstructions as the weeds and corn stubble remaining in the field after the harvest are sufficient to reduce materially the amount of drifting adjacent to such fields, provided the snow is not so deep as to cover these objects completely. Long, shallow cuts are difficult to keep clear of snow, but the deeper cuts do not usually give much trouble. The snow-storage capacity of the side slopes is so great as to take a large amount of snow before the roadway is blocked. Fills give little trouble, and in many cases are swept bare by the wind, except in the case of high fills provided with the old-fashioned type of wooden guard-rail, which is a serious drift-former. The cable guard-rail is therefore preferable wherever snow is a highway problem. Snow fences, set far enough back from the roads so that the drifts formed in their lee will not reach the roadway, are now erected permanently or temporarily on an extensive scale. In recent years a good many roads have been relocated so as to remove them from exposure to excessive drifting.

The Weaker Sex.—

Lies buried here one William Bold;
Departed from this life,
Because he went out in the cold
Attired like his wife.

—*Detroit News.*

"Why Was I Fired?"

"I've worked my head off for them people!" exclaimed Jones to his wife. "Yet the very minute business gets slack, out I go!"

"AND THIS IS THE SECOND JOB YOU'VE LOST, DEAR," answered his wife sorrowfully. "We're surely up against hard luck."

A few hours before this conversation, Jones was himself the subject of a conversation between the business manager and his assistant.

"I don't like to let Jones go," the manager said. "Married man with a wife to support. But I simply must. He's willing enough and faithful, too. *But his English! You know how he talks, Bill.* Maybe he didn't go to school long enough—but if that's the case why doesn't he try to improve himself. After hearing him talk to customers and hearing him dictate letters I can understand why his sales record stands still. He's not a very big asset to the house and it would never do to advance him."

Don't Be a Job Hunter

And so, Jones, because he was careless in his use of English, like many another man and woman before him, not only fails to advance, but is ACTUALLY REDUCED TO A JOB-HUNTING STATE—a condition he would never have reached if he had spent a few minutes of his spare time every day in improving his speech by a little study.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

A RECORD-BREAKING CHRISTMAS

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS PAST the signs have been pointing to a record-breaking Christmas-shopping season, the readers of financial pages in the newspapers have been told. A record was broken in 1925 and again in 1926, and now, as one financial writer states a unanimous conclusion, "despite recessions in Christmas activity here and there are compared with a year ago, merchants expect the Yuletide of 1927 to be still better than last year." For one thing the Christmas buying season opened earlier than usual, which has meant a bigger total. A Consolidated Press writer estimates a retail buying for this month perhaps as much as 10 per cent. larger than that of December, 1926. This alone would seem to indicate that some of the more gloomy prophecies of the autumn are not likely to be fulfilled. It is considered all the more encouraging when it is remembered that during the early part of this month the country heard predictions of good times for 1928 from the President of the United States, from the Secretary of the Treasury, from the Secretary of Commerce, from the heads of the Labor and Agricultural Departments, and from a large number of leading bankers, economists, and business leaders. Certain of these more general and forward-looking statements will be referred to again, but first the timelier Christmas figures should be noticed.

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HIS CHRISTMAS STOCKING

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

In the financial center the Christmas distributions in the way of bonuses to employees of financial and brokerage institutions are said in the New York papers to have equaled or surpassed the $50,000,000 figure set last year. In addition to the bonuses the depositors in the Christmas Club accounts in the banks of New York and vicinity have had on hand a sum estimated at anywhere from $18,000,000 to $60,000,000. This year's total national Christmas Club deposits are placed by W. Hatcher Wilkes, Vice-President of the National Advertising Corporation, at $250,000,000 and by H. F. Rawll, President of the Christmas Club, Incorporated, at $500,000,000. This is said to be a substantial increase over last year's deposits. The Cambridge Associates, using Mr. Rawll's figures, make an interesting estimate of what is being done with these 1927 Christmas Club savings:

> It is estimated that $193,000,000 of the 1927 total will be redeposited in permanent savings, while $150,000,000 is going into the stores in the rush of Christmas buying. It is said that $66,000,000 will be used for year-end bills and instalment payments, while $53,000,000 will be used for taxes, mortgages, and interest charges. The remainder will go into insurance premiums, education, and charity.

In general, the movement of holiday goods this season, reports Herbert S. Hollander for the Ullman Feature Service, "has been a steady, even flow for weeks past, all over the country." According to reports from widely scattered centers of trade all lines seem to be getting a reasonable share of business, with distribution "exceedingly wide-spread." "While in some instances, of course, it has been rather difficult for merchants to distinguish holiday buying from that which ordinarily would come to them in a period of prosperity, generally speaking they have been able to segregate such purchases for analyzation purposes." With this enormous volume of Christmas business, concludes Mr. Hollander, "the year will wind up in a veritable blaze of glory."

The first guns of the Christmas-buying campaign were fired from the mail-order catalogs, observes J. C. Royle in a Consolidated Press dispatch from New York. "The farm communities have money to spend and they have been sending in checks and money-orders at a pace which insures that the leading houses in the field will surpass their 1926 sales records before January 1, 1928." Chain stores have been the next to benefit, and Mr. Royle reports a conservative estimate that their sales in general will exceed those of 1926 by from 10 to 15 per cent.

One reason for the successful shopping season of 1927, Mr. Royle seems to think, was the success in encouraging speedy shopping and speedy delivery. Thousands of street-railway men, for instance, were instructed early in the month "to cultivate the Christmas spirit, to show courtesy and forbearance with holiday-shopping crowds, to use every effort to aid passengers burdened with bundles, and to make traffic as speedy and safe as possible." Night deliveries and suburban warehouses have been used to speed up pre-Christmas deliveries.

A more fundamental factor, however, in our enormous Christmas trade has been a record-making volume of business in the agricultural communities which Mr. Royle attributes to the fact "that the buying power of the farmers as represented by the amount received for their crops is at least 6 per cent. higher than a year ago." In only a very few trade centers have sales during the preholiday season been only fair or poor. One of these is New England, and the condition is accounted for by the floods and the slump in the textile industry. And then, "one is in the less frequented tourist section of Florida, one is in the Middle West corn belt, one in the Southwestern oil country affected by low oil prices, two are in the Intermountain country where poor management has been apparent to many observers, and one in the Pacific northwest where purely local conditions dominate the situation." An outstanding feature of this year's holiday trade, in the opinion of the same observer, is the effort being made "not only to sell customers but to keep them sold"—in other words, to make a drive for new charge accounts.

What is the Christmas money being spent for in these record-breaking amounts? Of course, Christmas means toys, and old Santa's sleigh will be more heavily loaded than usual, writes Harden Colfax of the Consolidated Press:

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GOOD? HOW CAN HE BE ANYTHING ELSE IN THOSE SURROUNDINGS!

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

THE LEAKY BUCKET

—Carmack in the Boston *Christian Science Monitor.*

TWO VIEWS OF OUR PROSPERITY

Something approaching $200,000,000 will be spent this year for toys alone, the term including dolls, the educational and semi-utilitarian offerings so popular in recent years, and wheeled merchandise. The range is from the five-cent article to imitation automobiles at $150 each, imported animals which run up to $300 at retail, and playhouses which may cost $400 or even more. How much will be expended for gifts to be exchanged among adults is anybody's guess.

Ninety per cent. of the toys which American kiddies will hug to their breasts Christmas morn of this good year will be the product of American factories. Time was when the majority of toys sold in this country were imported. Japan and Germany still send many toys here, but with a few exceptions they are of the extremely cheap variety. On the other hand, children of ninety-three foreign countries will be made happy with American toys this Christmas.

This year's toys show a departure from the world of make-believe and, according to a newspaper report of the last convention of the Toy Makers of the United States, "consist of literal copies of almost everything in the adult world—barring hip flasks and machine-guns." The president of the Toy Makers was quoted as saying that in this machine age the children naturally demand miniature machines to play with. About a third of the toys made this year were wheeled toys. And, he added, thanks to Colonel Lindbergh and the rest, this has been the biggest year in history for airplane toys.

Most of our business leaders have been expressing their opinion about the near future during these weeks before Christmas. A characteristic statement is that of President Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank of New York:

With a sound credit situation, a return of Ford and other leading manufacturers to a normal output, a continuance of large-scale building and the substantial improvement that has occurred this year in agricultural conditions, we have powerful influences tending to swing business back into its stride and to put 1928 definitely into the list of years that have brought good times to the United States.

A number of statistical agencies have made favorable forecasts for the first six months of 1928, the New York *Journal of Commerce* notes. Ernst and Ernst's Washington representative hears of a general expectation of such authorities "for a slightly larger business volume in the first half of 1928 than in the corresponding period of 1927." Fresh confidence will be inspired by the recent forecast of the Harvard University Committee on Economic Research indicating prosperity for at least the first six months of next year, writes the financial editor of the New York *Evening Post.* Most of our financial and business leaders see everything propitious for a new era of prosperity in 1928, says W. S. Cousins in a King Feature Syndicate article, and he cites the brief summary of 1928 prospects made recently by the well-known statistician, Vice-President Leonard P. Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company:

1. Short-term interest rates will probably be lower in the opening months of 1928 than they were in the corresponding yearly months of 1927; but in the closing months of 1928 they will probably be higher than in the late months of this year.
2. The main trend of high-grade bond prices will probably be upward.
3. Prices of industrial stocks promise to be active and selective, with the averages reaching, at some time in 1928, higher levels than attained in 1927.
4. The amount of new construction in this country in 1928 promises to be greater than in 1927.
5. Costs of building are likely to advance in the second half of year.
6. Employment will probably improve as the year advances.
7. Industrial wages are likely to remain firm with some advances.
8. Cost of living will show little change.
9. Wholesale prices will advance moderately.
10. Iron and steel output will be greater than in 1927.
11. Automobile output will rise to new high records.
12. Industrial profits will be greater than in 1927.

Optimistic predictions by men in high governmental position were to be expected, as one editor notes, but those of Secretary Mellon and Secretary Hoover have been widely discust in the press, because of the almost universal respect given to these two members of the Administration in closest contact with commerce and finance. Secretary Mellon, in the opinion of a Middle-Western editor, has removed the last doubts about the stability of business. Secretary Mellon's annual report characterizes our prosperity as follows: "While business is not as active as in most of 1926, it can hardly be said to be subnormal, and the underlying fundamentals appear to be sound." Business conditions in 1927 were summed up as follows:

1. A large volume of business was done simultaneously with declining commodity prices—an unusual combination of circumstances.
2. The volume of new construction remained large, as engineering and industrial and public works projects were in sufficient

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MAN AND THE MICROBE: How Communicable Diseases Are Controlled. By Charles Edward Amory Winslow, Professor of Public Health, Yale School of Medicine.

THE BABY'S HEALTH. By Richard A. Bolt, M.D.; Gr. P. H.; Director, Medical Service, American Child Health Association.

PERSONAL HYGIENE: The Rules for Right Living. By Allan J. McLaughlin, M.D.; Surgeon United States Public Health Service.

COMMUNITY HEALTH: How to Obtain and Preserve It. By Donald B. Armstrong, M.D.; Sc.D.; National Health Council.

CANCER: Nature, Diagnosis, and Cure. By Francis Carter Wood, M.D.; Director, Institute for Cancer Research, Columbia University, New York City.

THE HUMAN MACHINE: How Your Body Functions. By W. H. Howell, Ph.D., M.D., LL.D., Sc.D.; School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University.

THE YOUNG CHILD'S HEALTH. By Henry L. K. Shaw, M.D.; Clinical Professor, Diseases of Children, Albany Medical College.

THE QUEST FOR HEALTH: Where It Is and Who Can Help Secure It. By James A. Tobey; Former Administrative Secretary, National Health Council.

TAKING CARE OF YOUR HEART. By T. Stuart Hart, M.D., President, Association for Prevention and Relief of Heart Disease.

FOOD FOR HEALTH'S SAKE. What to Eat. By Lucy H. Gillett, A.M., Superintendent of Nutrition, Association for Improving the Conditions of the Poor, New York City.

THE CHILD IN SCHOOL: Care of Its Health. By Thomas D. Wood, M.D.; Professor of Physical Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.

TUBERCULOSIS: Nature, Treatment, and Prevention, by Lindly R. Williams, M.D.; Managing Director, Nat'l Tuberculosis Assn.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE: Normal Sex Relations. By Thomas Walton Galloway, Ph.D., Litt.D.; American Social Hygiene Association.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

volume practically to offset a decline in construction of dwellings.

3. High wages, due to increased average productivity per worker and lower living costs, due to declining prices, resulted in a sustained purchasing power for a large variety of consumers' commodities.

4. Business was free from the accumulation of excessive inventories, advance ordering subject to cancelations, and unreasonable speculation in commodities, and a spirit of caution prevailed generally among business men.

5. Automobile production continued at a pace somewhat reduced from the year before, and dangers of a serious slump have been lessened as demands for replacements are now sufficient to absorb about half of the year's output.

6. Competition became more intense and the largest profits were made by those concerns capable of introducing economies or capturing the market by adaptation of the products to the demand.

7. Charges for the use of fixt capital were reduced both on industrial and government securities and on farm loans.

8. Banks in the United States increased their loans and investments about $2,000,000,000 at the same time that they reduced somewhat their dependence upon the Federal Reserve system, due mainly to gold imports and a decline in requirements for currency.

Secretary Hoover's report really should have been published on Thanksgiving Day, observes one editor. The Brooklyn *Eagle* calls it "a vivid realistic story in which a loyal band of trustworthy figures put to rout the old ogre Apprehension, supposedly lurking in the shadows of unused factory buildings and in certain rural sections." The report attracts the more attention because the Secretary is conspicuously figuring as a possible successor of President Coolidge, observes the Des Moines *Register*. In his report Mr. Hoover emphasizes the permanent character of our prosperity, and then proceeds to account for it. Our living standards during the fiscal year ending last July remained higher "than anywhere else in the world or than at any other time in world history," he says, and adds that "the high prosperity of the year did not represent merely an upward swing in the business cycle, but was the result of general and permanent progress." He admits that there were "a few aspects of American business which were less satisfactory, as, for example, the coal and textile industries, the relatively low price of cotton with its depressing effect upon the farmers of large regions of the South, and some continued depression in agriculture of the Mid-West, altho improvement is taking place since the fiscal year in both sections." Then the Secretary of Commerce tells what he considers the basis of our industrial and commercial well-being:

The causes which have made for the rapid advance in American industry are fortunately of an enduring and cumulative character. The idea that our present high prosperity is the result of the World War is wholly without foundation. The war cut down the efficiency of our industry besides wasting an important fraction of its product. The increase in exports during the war was far less than the government expenditures on war. Marked as has been the gain in the last few years in our export of manufactures, which alone competes with Europe, it shows less increase over the immediate prewar period than that in turn showed over the opening years of the century. Exports at present are not a larger proportion of our production than before the war. Export trade in any case represents barely 10 per cent. of our production of movable commodities.

The true causes of the prosperity and economic progress of the United States are not difficult to discern. At the foundation lie the rich resources of the country, not taxed by an excessive population, and the energy and intelligence and attitude toward work of the producing population. In our earlier days advance was in considerable measure attributable to the opening up of new resources, but during the past quarter-century this has not been a major influence. There have been some discoveries of minerals, notably of petroleum, but these have been offset largely by the using up of other resources; for example, of the more conveniently located forest reserves. The principal factors of the recent increase in productivity are what may be called human as distinguished from natural factors.

These basic causes of economic progress translate themselves into a number of more specific and directly working causes. Among these may be mentioned especially the advance in education, scientific research, and invention; the growing use of mechanical power, machinery, and other forms of capital; the larger scale of production; the conscious and concerted effort to eliminate waste and reduce costs; the high scale of wages, with consequent general high buying power; and the relative stability of prices, money, and credit.

All these specific factors in the prosperity and progress of the United States, as well as the more basic factors of abundant natural resources and a capable population, are of such a character that we may well hope for continuance of our economic progress. Indeed, these favorable factors tend to work cumulatively; each forward step makes another forward step easier. The fact that our national income already is high makes it possible for us readily to add to our capital equipment and to improve educational standards and to carry further scientific and technical research.

But let no one looking upon this rosy picture assume that everything is perfect, writes H. V. Kaltenborn in his column of comment in the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

Thousands of unemployed are walking the streets of New York City unable to find work. Southern cities are advertising for industries on the ground that they have plenty of labor available at $13 a week. Foreign countries are raising numerous tariff barriers against American goods because of the tariff barriers we raise against theirs. The coal-mining industry is still on an unsound basis, and at the present time 500,000 people are suffering as the result of a prolonged strike. In the steel and textile industries conditions are not good.

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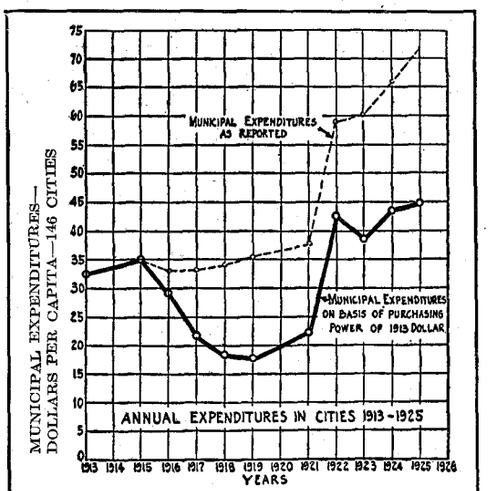
WHAT OUR CITIES COST

CONSIDERING THE LOWERED purchasing power of the dollar and the increased number of comforts and improvements demanded by citizens, our cities on the whole are spending sanely and wisely, concludes Franklin Uthoff, whose article on the subject in *Philadelphia*, the organ of that city's Chamber of Commerce, we quote below, in part, from *Water Works* (New York). Mr. Uthoff begins by remarking that when some one points out with horror that a municipality or a State is spending for improvements nearly twice as much as in 1913, no mention is made of the facts that the purchasing power of the dollar has been nearly cut in two or that wages have virtually doubled since the so-called "Normal Pre-War Period." He goes on:

The truth is that municipal expenditures only apparently have shown a considerable increase since 1913. Where they have actually increased, investigation will show that the increase has been not only justified but inevitable to meet the needs of citizens. The population of cities has greatly increased in the last thirty years.

More than 40,000,000 people are now residents of cities. In fact, those cities which have populations of 30,000 or more house nearly one-third of the population of the United States. This increase has in itself created the need for many more functions of city government and the intensification of existing functions.

Our health officers must guard against the spread of disease in congested sections. Parks and museums must be provided for a vast number of people who can no longer find recreation in the country within an hour's ride. Adequate transportation and street-lighting systems are necessary to carry on the city's business. The changes in the life of the individual have been as great.


MUNICIPAL EXPENDITURES AS REPORTED
MUNICIPAL EXPENDITURES ON BASIS OF PURCHASING POWER OF 1913 DOLLAR
ANNUAL EXPENDITURES IN CITIES 1913-1925
MUNICIPAL EXPENDITURES— DOLLARS PER CAPITA—146 CITIES
YEARS
1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918 1919 1920 1921 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926

From *Water Works* (New York)

ANNUAL EXPENDITURES IN CITIES 1913 to 1926.

Luxuries unthought of for general use thirty years ago are necessities in our homes to-day, and in our cities. Gas, water, bathtubs, electric lights, steam heat and furnace heat, vacuum-cleaners, gas-ranges, and automobiles are necessities. Where the city government is not called upon to supply these directly, it is demanded that the city provide for their use and enjoyment.

To mention a few more items which our fathers adopted, only after long consideration, and which are commonplace to this generation, are complete sewer systems and disposal plants, high-pressure water supply, parks, public playgrounds, municipal golf courses, public bathing-beaches, swimming-pools, and skating-ponds, fireproof school buildings housing domestic-science and manual-training departments, street-cleaning, complete snow-removal immediately after a storm, municipal hospitals and sanitariums, large and intensified police and fire departments, public libraries, auditoriums, public comfort stations, municipal reference libraries, expert advisers in the larger cities (which save annually many thousands of dollars more than they cost, altho only their cost appears in the budget); compensation and insurance for workmen employed on work conducted by city bureaus, etc.

Above all things the almost miraculous advent of 22 million motor-vehicles upon our streets and highways in the last twenty years has greatly increased the services demanded of city government. They have necessitated new traffic police and mechanical systems of traffic control, public parking spaces, wider and stronger streets, new bridges, and many additional safety measures such as the abolition of railroad grade-crossings. The modernizing of city departments is another necessary item in the budget.

Where once a $50,000 pile bridge had borne horse-drawn traffic, a $300,000 concrete structure is now required for fast-moving five- and ten-ton trucks. Pavements that met the needs of horse-drawn vehicles for nearly a century went into the discard almost overnight for smoother, stronger, and more durable types, devised to withstand continuous fast-moving night and day motor-traffic.

Now that virtually every family owns a car, hard-surfaced paving is demanded on our streets. It is estimated that millions of dollars are spent without return, absolutely wasted, every year, through delays and accidents in traffic that could be easily avoided by a much smaller expenditure in street and highway improvements.

What has been the trend of municipal expenditures during recent years? The U. S. Census receives detailed reports annually from all cities of over 30,000 population. Comparative statistics have been kept for 146 of them over a considerable number of years.

The amount spent per capita in 1913 was $32.46. In 1923 this had risen to $68.99 per capita, apparently an increase of 112 per cent. But, our dollar, depreciated in 1920, was worth less than half as much as in 1913.

The year 1913 is most frequently taken in government reports as representing the normal prewar annual period. While the purchasing power of the dollar decreased, our cities had to function as usual, even tho in 1920 they would have had to spend twice as much to carry on the same amount of work and render the same service as in 1913; but the very real attempt to economize was noticeable, for the per capita expenditures in 1920 reported from these 146 cities was only $35.58. Improvements, and even ordinary services, were curtailed. Also during 1917, 1918, and 1919, public and private improvements were postponed in order to push the manufacture of ammunition and military supplies. In these years, too, the cities were spending very nearly the same amount per capita as in 1913, but actually purchasing in goods and services very much less.

To make a fair comparison the accompanying chart has been prepared showing by the broken line per capita expenditures reported for the population of these 146 cities since 1913. But to make a fair comparison of the work actually carried on by these cities, the per capita expenditures for each year have also been plotted on the basis of the normal dollar as we knew it in 1913. This curve shows very clearly the great drop in municipal activities during the war years and the increase after 1919 to catch up with needed improvements. Since 1919 private industry and family housing throughout the country also have had to spend large sums in order to make up for their own lack of progress during the war years. The average per capita expenditure from 1913 to 1925 is shown as $32 compared with the 1913 dollar.

In other words, we are only now catching up with the normal expenditure back in 1913. Or, to put it differently, we have spent virtually the same amount of money to operate our cities as if the war had not intervened and we had gone along steadily spending $32.68 a person each year to keep the cities functioning.

Another measure of the cities' activities is the fluctuation of the net indebtedness. The per capita net indebtedness in these 146 cities rose from $69.28 in 1913 to $119.45 in 1925. Here again we must take into account the variation in the purchasing power of the dollar. Even if one mile of new water main will serve the same number of homes as in 1913, it will cost very much more to lay this one mile, just as it costs much more to rent a home to-day. Value for value, the average per capita debt during these twelve years is only $62.50, $6 less than in 1913.

The Bond Buyer shows that new issues of municipal bonds have been steadily decreasing since 1924. Cities have caught up with the improvements delayed during the war period and are back on a program of conservative expansion.

Another chart might show the decrease in interest rates in municipal bonds. While high-grade public utilities must finance their improvements with bonds paying 5 to 6 per cent., cities are able to borrow money at 4 per cent. or less. Conservative bankers hold that, so long as the indebtedness is kept within 10 per cent. of the total assessment, spreading the cost of public improvement over several years at a low rate of interest, is sound policy. Many States place the limit of debts which cities may contract at much less than 10 per cent.

A large expenditure is thoroughly justified if it brings sufficient return in increased safety, efficiency, or comfort to the citizens.

Most of these large expenditures really pay for themselves many times over in actual financial benefit to residents of a city.

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

December 8.—A notice signed by 128,770 people that they will refuse to give military service to any government that resorts to arms is presented to the British Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin.

December 9.—Five persons are reported killed and seventy badly wounded in anti-Semitic outbreaks at Grossmarbein, Transylvania, while in Roumania the Cabinet, to prevent similar outbreaks, forbids student meetings.

December 10.—The difficulty between Poland and Lithuania is settled when Premier Waldemaras for Lithuania and Foreign Minister Zaleski for Poland accept the recommendations of the Council of the League of Nations that Lithuania terminate the state of war she has maintained against Poland, and that the Polish Government promise to respect the independence of Lithuania.

Chiang Kai-shek, former military leader of the Chinese Nationalists, accepts active leadership of the movement again.

December 12.—Mexican insurgent bands are reported defeated by Federal troops in several engagements, with 100 killed.

American Marines and Nicaraguan National Guardsmen have killed fifteen outlaws in four skirmishes in the last few days, reports Col. Mason Gulick, Commander of the Marines in Nicaragua.

December 13.—The Chinese Nationalists have recaptured Canton, it is reported. Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the Nationalists, announces orders have been given to sever relations with Soviet Russia.

DOMESTIC

December 7.—The Senate refuses, 53 to 28, to seat Senator-elect Frank L. Smith of Illinois, and refers his case to the Reed special committee, to take such further testimony as it deems proper.

The Republican National Committee decides to hold the Republican National Convention in Kansas City, Missouri, beginning June 12.

The board of directors of the Anti-Saloon League appoints F. S. McBride general superintendent, leaving vacant the position of legislative superintendent held by the late Wayne B. Wheeler.

December 9.—The Senate refuses, 56 to 30, to seat Senator-elect William S. Vare of Pennsylvania, and refers his case to the Reed special committee for investigation.

The House defeats, 215 to 75, the provision in the deficiency bill that no part of the sum authorized "shall be expended for alterations to increase the range of the turret guns" of the *Oklahoma* and *Nevada*

The Federal liquor arrests during the last fiscal year numbered 64,936, and fines aggregating $5,775,225 were imposed, reports Prohibition Commissioner Doran.

December 10.—The House takes a recess in honor of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, and adopts a bill authorizing the President to present in the name of Congress a Medal of Honor to the distinguished flyer.

Jane Addams, President of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, presents to President Coolidge a petition signed by 30,000 people for the conclusion of a special peace treaty between France and the United States.

The Pittsburgh Coal Company, the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corporation, and the Vesta Coal Company decline Secretary of Labor Davis's invitation to participate in a conference between operators and the United Mine Workers for a discussion of the coal strike situation.

December 12.—Gov. Henry S. Johnston of Oklahoma calls out the National Guard to prevent a session of the House of Representatives summoned to consider impeachment proceedings against him.

W. S. Hill of South Dakota resigns as a member of the Shipping Board, announcing that a loan made him had been brought up as a blot on his record. President Coolidge nominates Albert H. Denton of Arkansas as his successor.

With one exception, coal operators in the northern section of Ohio decline to participate in a conference with the United Mine Workers of America called by Secretary of Labor Davis.

December 13.—President Coolidge appoints Henry Lewis Stimson of New York, former Secretary of War, to be Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, to succeed the late Maj.-Gen. Leonard Wood.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh takes off from Bolling Field on his flight to Mexico City, where he was invited by President Calles.

The Oklahoma House of Representatives, meeting in a hotel, votes six charges against Governor Johnston, one of which is based on the mobilization of military power to replace civil authority and prevent his impeachment. Bills of impeachment are also voted against Chief Justice Fred Branson, of the State Supreme Court, and Harry B. Cordell, President of the State Board of Agriculture.

After You, My Dear Alphonse.—London—The intention of the French Government to close the partridge-shooting season because of the scarcity of birds recalls to the Manchester *Guardian* a story concerning the paucity of other game in some French preserves. An English guest at a château near Paris was taken out rabbit-shooting by his host. After a while a bunny appeared, and the Englishman raised his gun.

"Stop! Stop!" cried his host. "That is Pierre. We never shoot at Pierre."

After a long interval a second rabbit was sighted.

"Ah!" exclaimed the host, "now you can shoot. That is Alphonse. We always shoot at Alphonse!"—*New York World.*

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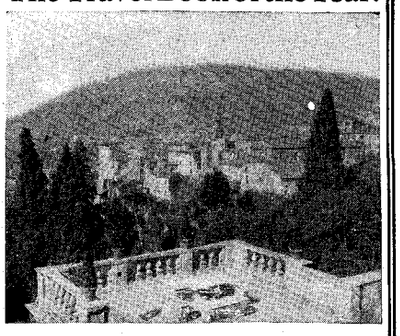

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GILLIS—"An Easter lily, a package of firecrackers, and some April-fool candy."—*Life.*

Wanted: A Medal from Mayor Thompson.—"Why don't you get an alienist to examine your son?"

"No, sir! An American doctor is good enough for me."—*Pointer.*

Ladies Prefer Sugar Daddies.—POET (tentatively)—"How would you like a husband who writes blank verse?"

SHE (with candor)—"I'd really rather have one who writes blank checks."—*Passing Show* (*London*).

Almanac Aristocracy.—MR. NEWPILE—"Are you sure the Snobbes are superior enough to be worth cultivating?"

MRS. NEWPILE—"Certainly. They've had their money two months longer than we've had ours."—*Life.*

Cheaper to Carry On.—MCPHERSON—"Gie me twa pennyworth o' poison."

CHEMIST—"We can't make up two pennyworth, sir. We can only make up six pennyworth."

MCPHERSON (after deep thought)—"Aw well, I'll na commit suicide."
—*Table Talk* (*Melbourne*).

Don't Knock, Boost.—
"WHERE
IS HELL?"
Intensely Interesting
Not a Dull Moment In It!
Thousands Attending—Why Not You?
Free To All.
—*Ad in the Seattle Times.*

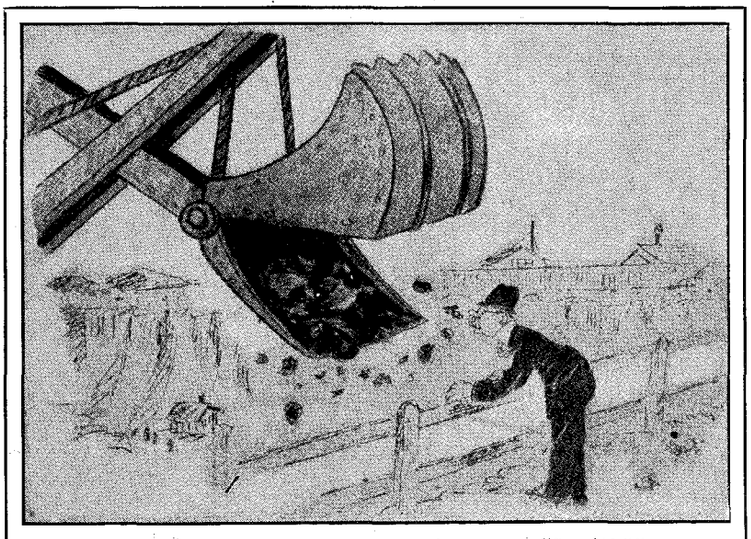
Want to Be an Angel?—Large and prominent cemetery has opening for high-grade man of executive ability. Permanent and very attractive proposition.—*Ad in the Chicago Tribune.*

Deviled Bone.—The bone of contention on this occasion is said to have been one of the Harper girls, who had refused to accompany the dead man back home from the dance.—*Savannah paper.*

Chromatic Omelet.—SMALL CHILD (who has happened on a pool of iridescent oil)—"Oh, Mummie! Here's a poor rainbow all squashed."—*Passing Show.*

Relies on Auto-Suggestion?—
AUTO STRIKES MAN—
REFUSES MEDICAL AID
—*Granite City* (*Ill.*) *paper.*

Fruitful Bossies.—We have our own farm at Landover, Md., and on it a very fine herd of cows, from which much of the milk, pumpkins, fruit and other ingredients of our products are obtained.—*Bakery ad in the Washington Star.*



ABSENT-MINDED NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST: "Say 'Ah!'"
—*Søndagsnisse Strix* (Stockholm).

No Archeologist.—CUSTOMER—"Are those doughnuts fresh?"

CLERK—"I don't know, madam. I've only been here a week."—*Lehigh Burr.*

Lit Up.—With the weather cooler it is expected that the Temple will be more than filled Friday with interested women. All are ignited.—*Bloomington* (*Ind.*) *paper.*

Diagnosing Bliss.—"I have been married for thirty years, and I spend every evening at home with my wife."

"Ah, that is love."

"No, it is gout!"
—*Die Muskete* (*Vienna*).

Bountiful Baa Lamb.—
Mary had a little lamb,
One day she clipped its tresses,
And found she had sufficient wool
For fifteen modern dresses.
—*Detroit News.*

When Santa Swears.—An ax, a hammer, a saw, a screw-driver, seven or eight boards, fifteen or twenty tenpenny nails, half a dozen screws, a sore thumb, several cuss words, a cut finger, much profanity, a scarred floor, threats from the landlord, suggestions from the wife, wise-cracks from the children.

And still the Christmas-tree persists in toppling over.—*Life.*

Call the Tuner.—Marriages are made in heaven. This accounts for the number of married people who are always harping at each other.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Standing Pat.—SHE—"What a dirty look he gave you."

HE—"Gave me nothing; I've always had this dirty look."—*Illinois Siren.*

It's Always Open Here.—
DEAR SEASON OPENS THURSDAY
—*Pennsylvania paper.*

Prompt Alibi.—"Are you a college graduate?"

"No, I slept in this suit last night."
—*Cincinnati Cynic.*

Miraculous Sex.—"My wife is very thrifty. She made me a tie out of her old dress."

"And my wife made herself a dress out of one of my ties."—*Passing Show* (*London*).

Deafening Whispers.—BERTHA—"And they are keeping their engagement a secret, aren't they?"

MATTIE—"Well, that's what they are telling everybody."—*Goblin.*

A Case for the Pound.—"I am not well, doctor."

"How do you live?"

"Like any other poor dog—I work like a horse all day, I am always ravenous as a wolf, then I am as tired as a dog and sleep like a bear."

"You had better consult a veterinary surgeon."—*Der Gemütliche Sachse* (*Leipzig*).

Improving the Occasion.—
LIQUOR-LADEN AUTO FOUND OVERTURNED NEAR ALEXANDRIA
Legion Post Arranges Christmas Celebration
—*Composite head-lines in the Washington Post.*

Two's Company.—
When I get home at 2 A. M.
To find my wife waits up in wrath,
And, in a torrent naught can stem,
Pours all her hot reproaches forth,
One blessed thing I dwell upon—
Thank God, I'm not King Solomon.
—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Triumph of Hope.—Brown was giving his final bachelor party, and all was going well until a married friend approached him and said:

"Let me congratulate you, old man. I feel sure you will always look back on this day as the happiest in your life."

"Thanks," replied Brown, "but—er—it's to-morrow that I'm getting married."

"Yes," agreed his friend. "I know that."—*American Legion Weekly.*

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